

## THE ART-UNION.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1847.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

EXHIBITION 1847.

THE first Exhibition of this body, under their Act of Incorporation, was opened to the public on Monday, the 29th of March. The number of works exhibited is 717, being somewhat short of the average of 840. With four or five exceptions, there are works of various degrees of merit by all the members. Upon an occasion of this kind an effort might have been expected; but it must be remembered that their charter is but a month or two old. In furtherance of one great object, the establishment of a School of Art, for which they sought a charter, the members are bestirring themselves, having already procured casts; and a Committee is taking the necessary steps to provide for the study of anatomy, the antique, the living model, painting, sculpture, and for giving courses of lectures: to such means of education it is the wish of the Society that the terms of admission should be on a liberal scale; but they venture to hope that ultimately they may be enabled to render their courses of instruction gratuitous. A purpose so disinterested cannot fail of the support of every well-wisher to our school: for, although much has been done of late years by the study of the figure, a single glance at any of our exhibitions shows sufficiently that the severer studies of the Art are much neglected. In the Exhibition now under notice there is a signal deficiency of figure pictures—a want which is only to be remedied by a school of Art accessible upon such terms as those of the Continental Institutions. While the Society express a readiness thus to aid in promoting Art, they at the same time—as no similar Institution has ever been formed without the assistance of the Sovereign or the public—do not hesitate to declare their readiness to receive contributions towards the establishment of the school; and this the less diffidently, as the project has in view not their particular interest, but the common advancement of Art. The success of a school conducted with liberality, talent, and spirit, need not be despaired of; and, if we remember the disadvantages against which this Society has had to contend, in acquiring for themselves the position they now hold, it can scarcely be doubted that the same steady perseverance will place the proposed School on a firm footing. Of the number of works exhibited we are compelled to limit our notice to comparatively few; and of these we must speak more briefly than they generally merit. We cannot, however, describe the collection as by any means altogether satisfactory—not even as an improvement upon the collections of preceding years; we shall wait with hope as well as patience for the Exhibition of next year; it will in a very great degree determine the fate, and certainly fix the character, of the Institution.

No. 5. 'Portrait of the Daughter of William and Mary Howitt,' Miss Fox. A life-sized head and bust, drawn and painted in a manner highly creditable to this lady artist, none of whose works we have before seen. It is skillful and unaffected in its treatment, and otherwise exhibits an apprehension of the best qualities of portraiture.

No. 6. 'Shepherd Boy,' J. J. HILL. A full-length figure, standing resting on his crook. The picture is treated with a sunny effect which is altogether very judiciously managed, but it may be observed of the proportions that the head is somewhat too large. There is nowhere an undue forcing

of the lights, the effect being rather made out by a preponderance of shade or reflection than sunlight.

No. 25. 'The Close of a Selfish Life,' E. PARN-  
RIS. The subject of this picture we are told is suggested by a scene in Captain Marryat's tale, 'The King's Own'; but the principal incident in the narrative recalls to mind a similar one in Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode'—the removal of the ring from the finger of the lady who has taken poison. Here we see the corpse of one who has lived for himself alone—and whose all is now at the mercy of the harpies who hovered round his death-bed, one of whom takes the ring from his finger, while the other appropriates other items of his property. The picture is painted with infinite care, and possesses the great merit of perspicuity of description. But the subject is painful—even revolting; and, although it may be sometimes needful so to convey a moral lesson, we cannot think the artist wise who selects such subjects.

No. 30. 'The Neckar, at Heidelberg,' J. B. PYNE. The spectator is placed on a level with the ruins of the Palace of the Electors, which lie on the left, and from his eminence looks down upon the town of Heidelberg, whence the eye is led to pierce the shadowy valley of the Neckar—the most crystal of waters—until the misty forms of the distance are united with the nether sky. The effect is that of a sultry summer day; the sun is strong on one side of the streets of Heidelberg, and the idle smoke rises in an upright column. The foreground, as usual, is rich in colour; but the charm of the picture is the indefinite and tender distance, which, as a description of space and atmosphere, is among the best passages of Art this masterly painter has ever produced.

No. 32. 'The Playful Infant,' A. J. WOOLMER. A graceful and pleasing composition, painted with much skill. We rejoice to find this artist improving, and losing the mannerism which marked his works.

No. 34. 'Quietude,' T. F. HERRING. A couple of horses' heads, accompanied by pigeons of different species; the heads are those of a grey and a brown horse, the expression of both of which is that of the dozing satisfaction shown by the animal after a full meal. The birds and the horses are on excellent terms: the former share every modicum of oats measured out to the latter—a fact attested by the full crow of a well-grown cropper, who has surely appropriated more than his share. These heads are not only accurately drawn and beautifully painted, but distinguished by character of a kind most difficult to impart.

No. 39. 'A Summer's Evening in North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. This picture is marked by more of poetical description than any we have ever seen by this artist; indeed it leaves far behind everything he has hitherto done. The materials are of an every-day kind, being simply a river flowing between wooded banks, the trees of which are painted with solidity and breadth without sacrifice of detail; but the point of the picture is the summer evening, which is rendered with infinite sweetness and truth.

No. 45, 'Vespers at Madonna dell' Orto,' J. HOLLAND, and No. 48, 'Part of the Barbarigo Palace, Venice,' by the same artist, are two small pictures painted in his usual decided manner. The former is a dark picture showing the entrance to the church; and in the latter we see the corner of the palace, whence the eye passes up the canal, the character of which is described with the most perfect truth.

No. 47. 'A Girl of Sorrento at a Well,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. A life-sized half-length figure leaning against the stone-work of the well in a posture of much natural grace. She is draped in red, but there is nothing in the subject for any display of power; the *far niente*, however, of the figure is well supported throughout.

No. 54. 'The Wanderers,' C. BAXTER. Two female figures, an elder and a younger, resting on their way; but there is nothing to tell us whether they are mother and child or sisters. Distress is painted in the uplifted features of the elder, but those of the younger betray no consciousness of misfortune. They are circumstanced in an open background, and otherwise treated with much successful earnestness.

No. 60. 'Dilston Castle from the Mill, Northumberland,' E. HASSELL. A well-selected passage of woodland scenery, showing in the immediate foreground the little river called the Devil

Water, which flows into the Tyne, whence a glimpse of the castle is caught over the tops of the trees. The subject is rendered with a perfect command of the slender materials.

No. 62. 'Portrait of J. B. Pyne, Esq.,' J. J. HILL. This distinguished painter is presented holding a palette, and evidently considering a picture, although this is not seen on the canvas. The whole is kept very low in tone. It is painted with very great power.

No. 66. 'Morning,' C. JOSI. A cattle composition, in an open field; the animals are in various positions, and, in those lying down, their half-sleeping manner of chewing the cud is admirably portrayed. They are judiciously disposed, and the morning effect is successfully painted.

No. 67. 'Morning,' J. W. ALLEN. The time is sunrise, and heavy clouds are passing off the face of the sky. The ground is necessarily in shade, and half tones contrasting forcibly with the clear and atmospheric depth of the more distant sky.

No. 68. 'Scene and Effect, from Memory, near the Stroud Railway Station, Gloucestershire,' J. TEN-NANT. The scene is on a river shut in by precipitous banks; and the manner in which it is presented constitutes the work one of the best we have ever seen under this name. The sky is so exquisitely felt—the clouds being so beautifully painted—that we see into them and through them. A rain-cloud is passing off, succeeded by sunlight; both light and shade of that fugitive kind are seen only when the sky is thus draped in ever-changing clouds.

No. 74. 'A Woodland Dell, at Sandhoe, Northumberland,' E. HASSELL. The scene is shut in by foliage on all sides, with here and there a very slight glimmer of the sky. The work has the appearance of a faithful representation of a locality, without any sacrifice to the affectations of manner.

No. 95. 'Lord Hardinge's Bivouac on the Field of Ferozeshah,' W. SALTER. A large composition, showing Lord Hardinge surrounded by British and Native officers, many of the former being portraits. The time is the night of the 21st of December, 1845—that preceding the day of the battle. The field, crowded with figures, is kept in shade, the principal figures only being sufficiently lighted to admit of the recognition of the features. It is a very elaborate composition, to which, it is probable, black and white would be more favourable than colour.

No. 100. 'The Morning of Life,' H. HAWKINS. Groups of nude *bambini* busied in such sports as we find the children of Albano and Rubens occupied in. The subject is not one for the tastes of the present day.

No. 109. 'Portrait of John Tennant, Esq.,' C. BAXTER. A head and bust, forcibly and otherwise well painted. The artist has been most successful in communicating to the features an agreeable character of animation.

No. 113. 'A Summer's Morning,' H. M. ANTHONY. The foreground is a meadow, near which stands a country church, a yew tree, &c., painted in the usually vigorous style of this artist. The objective is as simple as it well can be: it derives its value, however, from the manner in which it is dealt with, and the effect by which it is accompanied. It must be observed that the luxuriant grass of the meadow is admirably painted; the impasto is substantial, but the herbage is rich, and would yield to the foot.

No. 114. 'Gipsies' Camp—Evening—Preparing for the Meeting of the Tribe,' T. CLATER. A large composition of many figures, variously disposed, according to the habits of these people. Into such a subject scarcely any new light can be thrown.

No. 125. 'Midday—Coast of France,' A. CLINT. A flat seashore view, with the whole of the near objects painted with an undue hardness, and crossing the picture in lines. We see this arrangement frequently in the productions of this artist; but such cannot occur in every subject; it is, therefore, one of those growing infirmities of style which may vitiate every other excellence.

No. 128. 'Harlech Castle, North Wales,' J. WILSON. A larger picture than those usually exhibited by this artist. The object that gives a name to the composition is seen at a distance, near the beach, on the opposite side of the little bay. We have, as usual, a rolling sea, the best passage of the work, and a fishing-boat is landing, bows under in the surf. The water is too good for the rest of the picture, which looks everywhere un-



finished. There cannot be a doubt that more care would enhance the value of the artist's works.

No. 136. 'The Hungarian Gipsy,' J. ZEITNER. This is a large composition, the subject of which had told better in smaller compass. Some figures mounted on horseback, and having just issued from the portal of a castellated edifice, are accosted by gipsies, with the usual offer of reading the oracles written in their hands. The figures are painted in the well-known manner of the artist—a departure from which, with more reference to Nature, would, we humbly submit, be in every way advantageous.

No. 137. 'Lago di Garda, Northern Italy,' J. B. PYNE. A small picture, slight in material, but extremely brilliant in colour. On the left is a cottage, on the brink of the water, and thence the eye passes over the calm blue lake to the mountains beyond, which close the view. The foreground is painted up to a broad light, in which much white is used, but every care is taken to avoid anything like hardness.

No. 144. 'Well Worship—in the West of Ireland,' H. M. ANTHONY. A large composition, descriptive of an effect—that of the gorgeous light of a sunset falling upon a group of figures assembled in a shady spot round the sacred well. The scene is enclosed by trees, save on the left, where the light enters. Everything is kept down, and the light is thrown upon the figures with extraordinary brilliancy.

No. 145. 'Entombment of Christ,' W. SALTER. This is a large picture, which is injured by the too evident enlargement of the canvas. The figures are life-sized, representing the usual characters.

No. 152. 'Jonathan and William,' vide Old English tale, W. KIDD. A small picture, presenting two impersonations, the purpose of whose coming together is not definable. They are brought forward in the coarsest taste of caricature.

No. 156. 'The Vale of Clwyd—seen from the Hills dividing Flintshire from Denbighshire,' J. W. ALLEN. This is a fine subject, and one extremely difficult of treatment—a circumstance which enhances the merit of its execution by this artist. The view presents an extensive valley lying between gently sloping hills; the aspect under which it is presented is that of a cloudy summer day, with all its fitting shade and sunshine. There is no very decided point of accent in the work—none seems to have been intended; but the eye is drawn to the effective passage of shade near the foreground, and thence seeks to penetrate the misty distance. The work is the result of a search for that severe truth which, after all, is the great charm of Art.

No. 169. 'Summer Morning—Entrance to Whitby Harbour, Coast of Yorkshire,' A. CLINT. We notice this picture merely to observe upon the difference of treatment in the execution of this work and that usually adopted by the painter. There is clearly the adoption of another principle, but the manner of carrying it out is not an improvement.

No. 174. 'Launce's Lecture,' T. F. DICKSEN. This picture illustrates the address of Launce to his dog in the fourth scene of the fourth act of 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' There is good drawing and a great deal of quaint expression in the figure of the man, but the dog is too well-conditioned in person, and honest in feature, to bring upon his master the accumulated ills of which he complains.

No. 176. 'The Widow of Nain,' E. LATILLA. We have before observed the tendency of this artist to the early style of painting, which has so fascinated the German schools, and, in some degree, influenced every other in Europe, all of whose modifications hover round the styles of the Giottoeschi, Masaccio, Fra Giovanni da Fiesole, B. Giovanni Angelico, Filippo Lippi, and all those who may be classed in the first epoch of Florentine Art. In this picture, from too closely sketching from the remains of these artists in the Palazzo Vecchio and the Pitti, at Florence, these errors are more boldly approached than in the more judicious productions of foreign schools. One head is too near that of Raffaele in the portrait-room to escape notice. This is a modification of early Art which will never be popular in this country.

No. 186. 'Composition of Chepstow Castle and Scenery of the Wye, Monmouthshire,' J. TENNANT. The materials are of a highly picturesque character; but the prevalence of a foxy hue is injurious to the better-coloured passages of the

work, some of which, especially on the water, both near and remote, are of infinite beauty.

No. 187. 'Touchstone nominating the Degrees of the Lie,' W. L. WINDUS. There appear to be valuable qualities in this picture; but it is hung too high for a sufficiently close inspection. There is a vigorous originality of treatment, and accuracy of drawing as far as we can judge; but there are also some errors: the conception of the character of Jacques is one, and another, too prominent, is that of bestowing a figure half in light and half in shade without sinking that part of the figure which falls within the shade to a tone according with the degree of that shade.

No. 188. 'Random,' T. BOUGHTON. This is a portrait of a stiff-looking little sheltie, very characteristically painted; but too high for any examination of the executive merits of the work.

No. 190. 'The Death of Cleopatra,' L. W. DESANGES. Like many other versions of the same subject, this is misnamed when called the death; for Cleopatra is yet strong in life, and is only now applying the asp, rushing at the same time wildly forward. She is attired according to the Greek style of drapery, and a strong artificial light falls upon the left side; this is very well managed, but the subject demands a more profound feeling—more becoming dignity than it is here treated with.

No. 192. 'The Morning after the Battle of Hastings,' A. J. WOOLMER. The incident in this composition is the discovery of the body of Harold. The work is much larger than any we have ever seen by this artist, and the subject much more ambitious. The composition is made out in a dark and shadowy manner, which does impress the mind with a grave sentiment. Amid the principal group, consisting of the mother and mistress of Harold, with monks and attendants, lies the body, already stripped. Near this agroupment are Norman sentinels and other figures, moving like dark shadows in the gloom of the morning. The conception and treatment show great imaginative resources; but it is to be observed that the work had been still better by a less sketchy style.

No. 196. 'River Scene—Moonlight,' E. WILLIAMS, sen. A small picture, of ordinary water-side materials; but these are put together with more than usual felicity.

No. 217. 'Eton,' A. MONTAGUE. A large composition, showing the College as it is partially seen over the trees from a point of view above the bridge. Parts of the work are made out with some care, but the trees are loose in execution and heavy in character.

No. 227. 'Waiting for the Hay Boat,' C. JOSI. The locale in this picture is very much like the scenery of the Thames below bridge. The near objects are a load of hay with a team, waiting for a boat seen at a little distance; and these are rendered with a substantive force which immediately arrests the attention. Everything has received due care; the horses particularly are well drawn, and set upon the ground in such a manner that it is understood that they are equal to the weight they are supposed to draw.

No. 233. 'Herne Bay,' J. HOLLAND. A work in a feeling very different from the dark Venetian subjects in which this artist so much excels. The point of this picture is breadth of light; but it consists of such insignificant materials as require great power to give value to—being simply the seashore with some small craft. Another picture of high merit by this artist is No. 246, 'Sunset,' which represents the red disk of the sun sinking beyond a breadth of dark and heaving water, deriving life from one boat. The water is admirably dealt with, and the rendering of the whole is highly poetical.

No. 239. 'Melon,' &c., G. COLLE. A small composition of fruit—a melon, peaches, cherries, &c.—drawn with truth, and painted with all the freshness of nature.

No. 237. 'The Mountain Picquet,' F. Y. HURSTONE. Two Italian shepherd boys accompanied by large wolf-dogs. The figures and animals are very accurate in the representation of the character of both; but it cannot be doubted that the works of this artist would become more valuable by a more careful execution, and less of mannered uniformity of colour.

No. 241. 'A Rustic Study,' E. J. CORBETT. A small composition, showing a girl leaning on a donkey; circumstanced in an open landscape view, painted with much good taste and feeling.

No. 243. 'Good Night,' T. F. DICKSEN. The figure of a girl lighted by a candle which she carries before her, shaded with her hand. It is drawn with accuracy, and the effect is successfully made out.

No. 295. 'The Floating Harbour at Bristol,' J. B. PYNE. This is a most gorgeous effect of sunlight, which is shed like a golden flood over the entire field of the composition, uniting the diverse elements of the composition into one harmonious whole; but, nevertheless, the artist vindicates his own peculiar foreground colouring in a somewhat isolated passage in the nearest part of the work. Such pictures are not to be described as consisting of this or that class of objective, but as fervent aspirations in the worship of that which is most beautiful in Nature: for here, according to the now ragged and worn-out, but still beautiful, line of Cowper about the "town" which man-made, and the Nature which has God for its author, we find the work of the latter in preference to the labours of the former.

No. 296. 'Harvest Time,' W. SHAYER. It must be said of this work that there is about it more of freshness in the landscape, and less repetition in the figures, than we have for some time seen in the works of this artist.

No. 363. 'Interior of a Cave—Smugglers playing Cribbage,' T. CLAYTON. These figures present somewhat too much of the stage smuggler; as far, however, as regards their disposition and intent, the title is sufficiently realized.

No. 368. . . . F. WILLIAMS. A picture to which the artist has been at a loss to give a title: it represents one figure attentively considering a miniature—it is that of a young man curiously enough placed in a chemical laboratory; the treatment is judicious, but the association is, at least, eccentric.

No. 376. 'On the Scheldt,' H. LANCASTER. The low banks of the Scheldt offer little of interest to the painter. We have here the breadth of the river with boats and craft, executed in a manner which shows a disposition towards that of the sharpness of outline and opacity of touch characteristic of a great section of the modern Dutch school.

No. 397. 'Laura and her Companions,' J. BOUVIER. This picture is realized from a verse of Petrarch:—

"Dodici donne onestamente lasse," &c.

The company of ladies are assembled in a host, having Laura in the midst of them; the figures are small, and the execution is careful, but, as the work is high, it is impossible to speak particularly of its merits.

No. 398. 'Evening—Sunset after the Storm,' H. M. ANTHONY. The title would lead to a supposition that the components were of a poetical character, but, on the contrary, they are of a very unpoetical class—being a village church telling against an overpowering evening sky, the immediate foreground, which is kept low in tone, being occupied by figures and horses beautifully touched here and there by the golden light. This is an admirable work—among the very best that have ever appeared under this name.

No. 404. 'Mary in the Wilderness,' E. W. J. HOPLEY. A small picture, hung very high—so much so as to preclude a possibility of speaking of its execution, but, nevertheless, very judicious in effect and general treatment.

No. 460. 'Queen Eleanor presenting the Poniard and Poison to Fair Rosamond, from which to choose her Death,' E. LATILLA. The figures in this composition are too large for the canvas, and still the Queen looks too short. There is much elaboration in the draperies and accessories, but nothing striking in the disposition or character of the figures.

No. 461. 'General View of the Town of Pompeii, painted from the Triumphal Arch,' W. PARNOTT. The value of a picture like this must consist in the unimpeachable accuracy of the detail, because the entire interest rests in the disposition of the ruins, as showing the precise sites of the temples and public edifices, the remains of which seem to be very carefully and earnestly represented.

No. 462. 'Early Morning—the Thames from Plumstead Heath, Kent,' J. TENNANT. In this excellent composition there is a prevalence of the cool and sober tints of the morning before the sun has penetrated the misty vale which so commonly hangs over the horizon in a climate like ours. The foreground is rugged and broken, whence in the



distance are seen the river and the country beyond. The foreground is broadly and forcibly painted, contrasting powerfully with the finely felt distance and the clear cool sky.

No. 463. 'The Stepping Stones—a Scene in North Wales,' J. WILSON, jun. A picture in a round frame which suits the subject. The stepping-stones cross a shallow and smoothly-flowing stream, the solitude of which is relieved by one ragged piscator. This is one of the best pictures exhibited by the artist; it must, however, be observed of it, that there is a straggling character in the trees which does not sort with the particular unity of other parts of the work; it must also be said that the little variety of character in these landscapes betrays a want of earnest inquiry into natural effects.

No. 469. 'Donkey and Foal,' W. BARRAUD. They are in a stable, the objects in which are well understood; there is nothing very picturesque in the animals, but they are carefully and successfully painted. No. 477. 'A Farm-yard,' is by the same artist; the composition shows two cows and a pony, the latter of which is full of character.

No. 473. 'Il Penseroso,' E. J. CORBETT. A very dark woodland background, in which is seated a man attired in red; but the figure—*soute aux yeux*—being of a brilliancy too unqualified for the sombre character of the background.

No. 481. 'The Smugglers' Retreat—the Pursuit arrested,' J. TENNANT. This is a large picture—larger, we think, than the subject requires. The principal agroupment consists of three smugglers in a cart, one is urging the horse to a gallop, while another is standing upright firing at two mounted "gaugers," one of whom is wounded—the incident which stops the pursuit. The style of the work is materially different from that to which the artist owes his reputation.

No. 485. 'The Echo—an Effect of Light and Shade,' P. VAN SCHENDEL. This is one of those effects of artificial light in which the Dutch have always excelled. A figure of a lady is seated in an open scene playing the guitar, having by her side a lamp, from which the effect is derived. It is a moonlight night, but this is only ascertained by a slight gleam on the other side. These effects have been most elaborately studied, and worked out with all the felicity which the Dutch school exhibits in such subjects.

No. 489. 'Celia's three Daughters,' Mrs. J. RONSARSON. We regret much to see a picture like this placed where its merits cannot be recognised. The complaint may justly be made of the hanging of other works, the qualities of which entitle them to better places. The productions of this lady have always commanded the best positions in other exhibitions. We have already observed, upon another occasion, that she paints poetic and other figure subjects with as much grace as portraiture; but there is, nevertheless, in the latter more of forcible treatment than in the former. The three female figures presented in this composition are admirable in conception and execution.

No. 491. 'The Highland Shepherd,' the late J. D. SMITH. A boy, in the usual costume of the Highlands, standing with his back to a rock, which forms a part of the wild scene amid which he is placed. The figure is painted with the usual clear execution of this rising artist, unhappily too early cut off.

No. 495. 'The Cartoon Gallery, Hampton Court,' T. W. GUILLOD. A faithful representation of the Gallery in which those treasures of Art are kept. In the corner of the picture are two sketches of the Cartoons not seen in the composition.

No. 472. 'The Friendly Hail,' R. WATSON. This picture is placed high; it seems, however, forcibly painted. The "hail" is given from a boat to a passing ship, both of which appear to be accurately drawn, and well set on the water.

No. 490. 'Near Cookham, Berks,' J. W. ALLEN. A small picture of ordinary landscape materials, which is remarkable as differing in style from the larger works of the artist. It resembles in manner an elaborate water-colour drawing. The same observation will apply to No. 478, by the same hand.

No. 504. 'The Irish Mother,' R. J. HAMERTON. A small picture of a female figure draped in red, holding a child. There is great breadth and freedom of execution, which had lost nothing of its value by a little more attention to drawing.

No. 512. 'An Incident in Asiatic Turkey,' H. J. JOHNSON. The precise nature of this incident

deponent saith not; but we see a group of true believers, one of whom is seated on a carpet receiving a paper from another: near them is a house and trees. This composition is low in tone and sketchy, but spirited and very effective.

No. 519. 'Study of a Head,' C. BAXTER. At first sight this head declares itself an imitation of Etty; and as such it is in some degree successful: it is otherwise admirable in feeling.

No. 521. 'The Pleasures of Hope,' J. STEWART. The subject of this small picture is derived from Campbell's poem.

"He leans him o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while,  
O that for me some home like this would smile."

It shows an old man leaning over the gate of a cottage. The head is well painted and characteristic, but the figure is not sufficiently defined.

No. 530. 'On the Coast near Boulogne,' H. LANCASTER. A small composition, presenting the usual coast objects and material, which are placed in relation with each other with very good effect.

No. 531. 'Summer,' J. HOLLAND. This is a garden scene, wherein the trees are trained into screens pierced with arches; figures are distributed in the *allées*. It is a difficult subject to treat, but the artist has given interest to it.

No. 539. 'An Old Avenue as it is—with its Old Inhabitants as they probably were,' A. J. WOOLMER. The subject is a garden-walk, thickly shaded by trees, at the end of which is placed a target, and in the foreground, figures are shooting with the bow. There is much picturesque feeling in the composition, which is highly pleasing.

No. 544. 'The Prisoners of Chillon,' G. E. HICKS. This work is skillfully executed; but the two figures want relation to each other, and truth as to circumstances. We see the two prisoners—one dead and the other breaking his chain, as described in the text; but the latter is unduly diminished by foreshortening, and the former is too muscular for a prisoner.

No. 547. 'Harvest Home in the Good Old Times,' H. M. ANTHONY. This is a large composition, crowded with rustic figures welcoming the last load of golden sheaves to the barn of the farmer of these "good old times." The composition shows a church (a favourite object, by the way, with this artist), the garner, with buildings and trees. It is extremely rich in colour, and in this feature of the work it may be observed that red is too predominant.

No. 554. 'A Venetian Love Token,' W. MADDOX. A small picture in which the principal figure is a girl holding a small bouquet of brilliant flowers. The background is deeply shaded, and here other figures are seen. The style of this little picture is remarkable for good taste: it shows, in a small space, much of the feeling of the magnates of the art.

#### WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

In this room there is little to notice; the following only may justify a word of comment:—

No. 581. 'North-east View of the City of Durham,' J. DORRIN. The place is faithfully described; the view seems to be taken from below Framwellgate-bridge—one of the most favourable points. The drawing is large, but it wants effect.

No. 592. 'In Search of an Eagle's Nest,' R. CARRICK. Some boys are here seen climbing a crag to "harry" the nest; but the birds are returning to defend their home. This is an excellent drawing.

No. 700. 'View of Brathay Bridge, and Village of Clappersgate, Westmorland,' T. M. RICHARDSON. In this drawing the varied and beautiful scenery of the locality has received ample justice at the hands of this experienced artist.

We have not considered it necessary to occupy much space in reviewing the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists; its merits are certainly not of such an order as to demand that we enter into minute details. We are fully aware of the difficulties with which the Society has had to contend—indeed we have more than once explained and commented upon them: but we cannot report the progress we have a right to expect notwithstanding: some of these difficulties have been removed; and we earnestly hope that another year will furnish more satisfactory evidence that the Charter of Incorporation was not only well bestowed, but that its main object has been accomplished—by the improvement of the members, and the advancement of the Society.

#### THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE thirteenth annual Exhibition of this Society was opened to private view on Saturday, the 17th of April. The number of works exhibited is three hundred and sixteen, among which we find a greater paucity than usual of compositions in that higher class of subject—to which this Society have carried water-colour Art with such felicitous results. In works, however, of less pretension, we find much of the power and excellence we have been accustomed to recognise in more important and elaborate productions. In number, also, the contributions of the leading and distinguished members are, by a singular coincidence, uniformly limited, as may be seen by the following notice.

No. 10. 'Cavan's Well,' F. W. TOPHAM. One of those Irish subjects which this artist paints with such forcible truth. Near the pool are a few fragments of stone—one being a rudely-sculptured crucifix, before which a girl is kneeling in devotion, and near her is an aged man. The kneeling figure is invested with a deep and touching sentiment: she is an impersonation of the most sincere profession. In colour, effect, and general treatment, the drawing is equal to the best this accomplished artist has ever produced.

No. 37. 'Scarborough Castle, from the North Sands—Boisterous Weather,' AARON PENLEY. This drawing is treated with an effect extremely commonplace, but, nevertheless, always pleasing when judiciously managed—the opposition of a shaded mass against a light opening in a dark sky. The well-known headland of Scarborough is the dark accent of the drawing, which in colour is subdued with much good feeling.

No. 44. 'Prince Charles Edward in the Isle of Skye,' JOHN ABSOLON. The adventures of the Chevalier form at need a never-droughty source for the artist—he has been painted in the pride of his brief successes, and in the depth of his reverses. We find him here sleeping, dreaming on a bed of fragrant heather, watched by Malcolm Macleod, who, by the way, is not armed, as we would have him, nor has he about him a sufficient savour of the desperate man who was most religiously ready to sacrifice, without question, the life of the first intruder, backed though he were by a thousand. The work is extremely brilliant in colour, and careful throughout.

No. 45. 'Dutch Galliot standing through the Downs,' THOMAS S. ROBINS. She is sailing under Belgian colours; the sky is stormy, and there should be a stiff breeze outside; the water is painted with some success, but not so well as we have seen it in other works of the artist.

No. 50. 'Helvelin, Borrowdale Fells, and Langdale Pikes, looking over Bassenthwaite Water,' E. DUNCAN. This is a large drawing presenting the well-known features of the scenery of the Lakes under the effect of a summer shower; and herein lies the merit of this drawing: the beautiful truth with which it is made out—the tranquil, filmy descent of the rain, as seen against the lighter and darker passages of distant high land—is felt with a tenderness which nothing but the closest observation of Nature could inspire.

No. 55. 'La Prigioniera,' HENRY WARREN. An Italian woman in prison, but wherefore we are not told. She is kneeling; her features being illumined by a sunbeam which enters by the window. In the drawing of such figures the slightest exaggeration becomes unseemly. There is a want of grace in the fore part of 'La Prigioniera,' which must have escaped observation.

No. 53. 'Studies of Foxhounds,' G. H. LAPOINTE. A small drawing which presents six of these animals, each of which is endowed most accurately with the character of the species.

No. 62. 'Avenue,' G. DODGSON. A terraced garden composition, with figures and trees—the latter of which are light and feathery in manner, but extremely flat in colour; the whole, however, is put together with much taste.

No. 66. 'Distant View of Sittingbourne,' JAMES FAHEY. A well-selected passage from the picturesque and luxuriant county in which this place is situated. The materials are treated with judgment and taste.

No. 69. 'Going to the Chase,' G. DODGSON. This is a large composition of striking excellence, and remarkable in all its parts for extraordinary



*fineness* of execution without loss of breadth. The scene is the front of a mansion of Old English architecture, which is surrounded by trees and approached by a flight of steps. The "going to the chase" is described by a company of figures in cavalier costume—some mounted, others about to mount. The trees are rather stiff; but the composition is, nevertheless, a work of much merit.

No. 70. 'Wreck—Storm Clearing off,' JOHN CALLOW. This is a small picture showing the hull of a heavy ship beaten in against an iron-bound coast; but appearances are against the probability of a sufficiency of water to float so large a vessel to such a position. The next drawing (No. 71) is by the same artist, whose method of composition is somewhat monotonous, although always forcible; the latter shows a bark careering before the wind, under foresail and maintopail.

No. 72. 'St. Patrick's Day—Scene in the West of Ireland,' F. W. TOPHAM. A large drawing, in which are presented numerous groups of figures in an open scene, with a truth which nothing but the closest observation of the spirit of such a festival could supply. There are two principal figures dancing, a girl and her partner, the latter of whom twirls his bit of Irish oak over his head, while every tatter of his uniformly ragged vesture enters into the glee of the movement with as much relish as himself.

No. 76. 'The Green Jacket,' J. ABSOLON. This is a girl dancing to a measure which she executes on the tambourine. There is spirit in the upper part of the figure, but the lower limbs are deficient of the corresponding motive. The draperies and accessories are beautifully drawn and coloured.

No. 79. 'Sweet Summer Time,' G. DODGSON. A composition presenting a garden scene, in which is a pic-nic party. The materials have in them nothing new, but they are here brought forward with much grace.

No. 81. 'The Orphans,' WILLIAM LEE. An elder and a younger sister; the former affording the latter all the support and consolation she has to bestow—the shelter of her bosom. The narrative of destitution is affecting depicted. The figures compose in a manner highly contributive to the sentiment, and are made out with much executive power.

No. 87. 'Sunday Morning,' JOHN ABSOLON. The scene presented in this excellent drawing is a country churchyard, with a section of the modest village church. The place is thronged with figures wending their way amid the mementoes set up over what is called in the beautiful imagery of the book of Job, "the house appointed for all living," making their path among the tombs to their weekly spiritual refection. There are the young and the old, the hale and the feeble, distributed and characterized with admirable effect and much power of description.

No. 91. 'Devotion,' ALFRED H. TAYLOR. There are three figures in this drawing—a youth, maiden, and an aged lady. The second is reading scripture, we must suppose from the title, while the young man holds her hand across the table, in which case it must be supposed that the old lady is asleep. The subject is extremely commonplace, and does not come off well in this drawing.

No. 95. 'Ducks,' C. H. WEIGALL. A very small drawing, showing a couple of well-conditioned ducks, drawn with infinite nicety.

No. 94. 'In Dartmouth Castle—a Relic of the Times of Queen Elizabeth,' W. COLLINGWOOD. An uncommon subject, being a piece of rusty ordnance—a twenty-four-pounder—mounted in battery, and accompanied by a couple of gay hollyhocks—an odd association, which the artist must have seen, for he could not have conceived it. Curious as the subject is, it is beautifully treated; but there never was a gun so rich in rust as this, which we cannot believe to be "a relic of the times of Queen Elizabeth," being of the same pattern as those of the last war.

No. 101. 'Evening,' H. MAPLESTONE. A glowing sunset—an effect in which this artist excels. The foreground is in shade, which is gradually broken into an airy effulgence seldom obtained with so much success. The flood of light upon the distance is broad and clear, but the near trees are carefully stippled into an opacity which has the appearance of being the work of another hand, so little does this part of the drawing sort with the rest.

No. 100. 'Hop-gathering,' C. H. WEIGALL. In this, which is a large drawing, numerous figures

are seen engaged according to the title. The composition has been very elaborately studied, and every item brought forward according to the true spirit of such a subject.

No. 106. 'Roses,' Mrs. MARGRETT. They are red and white, disposed with much originality in a kind of landscape composition. Of the flowers themselves it must be said that they are beautifully imitative of the freshness and delicacy of Nature.

No. 108. 'Homeward-bound Indianmen, &c.—off Margate,' THOS. S. ROBINA. We cannot look at any of the marine studies of this artist without recognising in his facility of representation the long study and experience which have enabled him to set his craft in the water with so much truthful accuracy.

No. 109. 'Dinant, on the Meuse,' W. OLIVER. A perfectly faithful drawing of the locality; but crude in colour, and hard and spotty in treatment.

No. 120. 'A Study,' SARAH SETCHELL. We are glad to see a work of this lady again on these walls—who a year or two ago promised so much in one beautiful drawing. This is a portrait, very substantially made out.

No. 123. 'Morning,' G. B. CAMPION. This is a large drawing, and in material an epitome of the registered and accepted round of objective common to all landscape art—as a ruin, precipice, church, trees, hamlet, water, &c. &c.—in compliance with the line of Thomson describing the light of the sun falling on

"Rocks and hills, and towers and wandering streams,  
High gleaming from afar;"

which it is more easy to bring within the compass of a line of blank verse, than to judiciously unite on a sheet of double elephant.

No. 126. 'Four Years Old and warranted Sound,' G. H. LAPORTE. This, as may be supposed, is descriptive of a horse, which is examined, with a view to purchase. The artist has worked up admirably to the spirit of his title—for the animal is drawn with exquisite nicety, and set forth according to the action and spirit of a well-bred horse of the age described.

No. 128. 'The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel,' H. P. RIVIERE. This is a very elaborate and careful, but not altogether successful, composition. There are certain portions of the works of all artists which bear resemblance to the productions of others, whose labours are calculated to impress the mind; and these resemblances, as they approach more or less nearly to the impressive passage, are more or less suggestive of it to the remembrance of the beholder. For instance, the impersonation of Rachel here is like a principal figure in 'The Aurora' of Guido; and the head of Jacob resembles another by Raffaele; the figure is, moreover, wanting in delicacy, being nearly as large as that of Jacob; and the contour of the head is that of the Roman model.

No. 136. 'Skiddaw Mountain, with a partial View of Bassenthwaite Water,' AARON PENLEY. In this drawing Skiddaw is exaggerated, as well in size as in character; the left-hand portion of the view, describing a stormy aspect, is powerfully made out, but it is enfeebled by the lighter portion of the drawing.

No. 137. 'The Wreck,' GEORGE SIDNEY SHEPHERD. A small drawing, in which is presented the stranded hull of a vessel under an effect of sunset which is judiciously treated.

No. 141. 'The Spire of Harfleur,' R. K. PENSON. This spire, one of the most beautiful in France, proclaims honour to our earlier English architects. The view we have of it here is through a *ruelle* near the market-place—the composition embracing some of those ancient houses for which the place is remarkable, but which we find carried a little beyond the reality as to the picturesque.

No. 144. . . . FANNY CORBEAUX. This work is realized from a passage in Isaiah:—"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them." The composition is literal, according to the text: the wolf, the lamb, and the child constitute a group, of which the respective components are very skillfully characterized.

No. 148. 'Herne's Oak, Windsor,' J. W. ARCHER. A small drawing presenting the aged trunk as it stands. The treatment is effective.

No. 155. 'Autumn Roses,' FANNY HARRIS. White and red, in a vase, drawn and treated in a manner so successful as to set forth the beauty of the flowers in their delicacy of colour and texture.

No. 165. 'Portrait of Lady Georgiana Codrington,' EDWARD H. CORBOULD. A small full-

length of extreme brilliancy, wearing the costume of the last century. The treatment of the figure is elegant and graceful to a degree.

No. 175. 'The Death of Jean Gonjon,' E. H. WERNERT. The subject is at least original; but it is realized in a manner that does not tell of the circumstances of the death. Gonjon was shot during the massacre of St. Barthelemy, while working on his scaffold finishing some bas-reliefs in one of the courts of the Louvre; but we see nothing of the cause of his death. The head of the figure is much too large; but the style of the work is of a very bold and substantial character, and would tell effectively in judiciously selected subject-matter.

No. 187. 'The Happy Time—Brittany,' JOS. J. JENKINS. These two charming figures speak for themselves—they are Breton in everything. The happy time is that of the courtship of a peasant youth and maiden. They are standing at the door of what may be a house of the better class, and invested with a sentiment which shows that the proposal has been made and accepted. The features, expression, and general *tenue* of the female figure are inexpressibly fine.

No. 191. 'Grapes,' Mrs. MARGRETT. They are black, and grouped with a few leaves. We have never in water-colour painting seen fruit represented with more exquisite brilliancy and truth.

No. 196. 'Meeting-Room of the Brewers' Corporation at Antwerp,' L. HAGHE. It is of little consequence in a case like this that the artist has before painted this interior—it is here thronged with figures any one of which were in itself a sufficient picture. In the room itself there is not much to interest, but under the hand of such a master of effect and colour it assumes an inspiring appearance. The figures are numerous, and grouped with an excellence which always distinguishes the works of this artist—that is, they are held together by a common object; they discourse together, and are otherwise placed in relation each to the other in mutual understanding, and the whole by one general interest. In this wonderfully powerful drawing, colour is denied to the figures, but thrown into the medium of relief, which is so contrasted with the depth and substance of the groupings that the latter are thrown forward with extraordinary force.

No. 197. 'Gleaners returning,' H. MAPLESTONE. This is a long drawing, presenting a view of a flat country, under the effect which this artist paints with so much brilliancy—that of sunset.

No. 200. 'Ennui,' EDWARD H. CORBOULD. A figure of a girl is here seen leaning against the back of a chair; but the pose has in it something not very felicitous. The drawing, however, of the draperies and accessories is masterly to a degree.

No. 207. 'Going with the Stream—Brittany,' JOS. J. JENKINS. A young man and maiden are here placed in a ferry boat, which is allowed to be borne on by the stream, while they are earnestly engaged in the exchange of vows of everlasting love. The title may be metaphysically, as well as literally, applied, being in every way most charmingly worked out in the drawing. The pose, the management of the minor and incidental lights, and, above all, the interchange of tender sentiment in these two figures, invest them with an interest communicable only by powers of a very high order; indeed, more than that, we have never seen discourse more eloquent in the language of the heart.

No. 204. 'The Shepherdess,' WILLIAM LEE. She is leaning against a stile, relieved by a landscape background. The figure is most unassumingly happy in a treatment in every way according with the character.

No. 212. 'The Uncle's Charge,' EDWARD H. CORBOULD. This is the story of "The Children in the Wood." The uncle is giving the ruffians their last instructions with the wages of their villany—the children are already on the horses, and all is prepared for departure. In the figures there is much character, and the composition displays abundance of descriptive accessory.

We are compelled, somewhat abruptly, to close our review of this exhibition, leaving unnoticed many pictures of merit; it must suffice, however, to state that the Society have amply upheld their high repute, and continue to merit the extensive patronage they have hitherto received.



NOTES ON THE APPLICATION  
OF  
THE ARTS OF DESIGN  
TO  
MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY IN FRANCE.  
By W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

## SEVRES.

In writing the history of manufactures, one of the greatest difficulties with which an author has to contend is vagueness of nomenclature; this is especially the case with regard to pottery, which offers many distinct products, and very few distinct names. Earthenware and porcelain are continually confounded, glazes and enamels interchange names, and so many blunders are thus committed, that instead of a "bull in a china-shop" being a proverbial wonder, the very name china-shop is itself a bull. So far as our researches enable us to speak with anything like certainty, we are inclined from a comparison of the specimens in the Museum of Sévres, with the statements of historians and travellers, to attribute the invention of earthenware, properly so called, to the Arabian conquerors of Persia; but we have no means of tracing the process of invention, save that glazed brown ware appears to have been anterior to the harder and whiter ware, and to have gradually fallen into disuse, as means were devised for the manufacture of a closer and more compact body.

The most remarkable specimens which remain of the Ceramic industry of the Arabs are the celebrated vases of the Alhambra, known only to us by pictures and descriptions. They are lacquered rather than glazed; but from the intensity of their colours, and the precision of their figures, evidencing a stanniferous enamel and metallic colours, there can be little doubt that the body of these vases is earthenware, properly so called, and this is further confirmed by the tiles of earthenware brought from the Alhambra, and other localities of southern Spain, to Sévres. The name *Majolica*, given to the fine earthenware of Italy, indicates the source from whence the manufacture was derived. Scaliger tells us that it was in its first form *Majolica*, and was so called because the Italians had learned the process of production from the Spaniards and Moors, in the island of Majorca; so little is now known of the Balearic islands, that all our attempts to learn anything of the past or present condition of the potteries in Majorca have utterly failed. On closely examining the collection at Sévres, it will be found that the best specimens of earthenware, particularly of articles designed for daily use, are English productions; and however gratifying such a conclusion may be to our national pride, it is counterbalanced by the mortifying reflection that we have to visit France in order to learn the history of one of our own national manufactures.

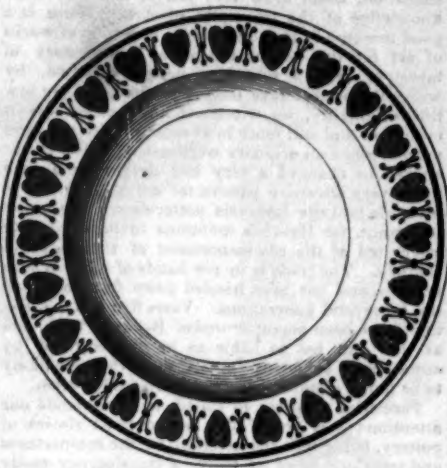
One of the first objects which attracted our attention, was a dessert-plate, decorated with blue arabesques. Referring to the catalogue, we found



that it formed part of a service manufactured at Stoke-upon-Trent, in 1800, by the Mintons, for his Majesty George III., and we have since learned that the design was named "the lily pattern," by the artist who drew it. Here, then, is an English design of nearly half a century standing, capable of innumerable and beautiful variations, to the full as cheap of production as the detestable willow-pattern

—which we have treated with neglect, and to which France assigns the place of honour in its National Museum.

Another plate, highly valued, exhibiting a very



happy adaptation of the Greek style of decoration, is also of English manufacture; it formed part of a



The water-jug, which we have copied, is of very simple and graceful form, and was one of the earliest specimens of a very effective style, now becoming sufficiently common; we mean white ornaments in relief, on a rich pink ground. It was



manufactured by Mr. Wilschneider, of Sarreguimines, in the department of the Moselle, who has been a very liberal contributor to the Museum, and in the catalogue it bears the date 1835. Though

service produced by the great Wedgwood, at his works in Etruria, in Staffordshire. The service was so highly valued, that it was made an heir-loom in the family of the Count Turpin de Cassé; but we have not traced how it came originally into their possession. Several of Wedgwood's plates have been subjected to very rigid tests by the chemists at Sévres, and they all agree that it has never been surpassed in the perfection of glaze and closeness of texture, and they assert that modern English glazes are more liable to crack and fly, when exposed to extreme heat or extreme cold, than those of the last century. This we believe to be an error; articles produced by those manufacturers who do not aim exclusively at cheapness, will be found to bear great extremes of temperature; but there are several plate-warmers in use, which raise the plates to a heat that even very good glazes cannot bear without injury.

Although the next article to which we have to direct attention is not of English manufacture, it is decidedly of English origin. It is a soup-tureen, modelled in its general form on the exquisite design which Flaxman supplied to Wedgwood, and not improved by two or three wanton departures from that design. It was manufactured at Bordeaux by Mr. David Johnston, and was exhibited with a large collection of articles from the same factory at the Exposition of 1859, as a proof that "English earthenware," as the best specimens of earthenware continue to be called all over the continent, could be manufactured in France.

the style has been since very extensively adopted, we have seen no specimens which rival this in richness of colour and exquisiteness of execution.

The plate which we copy is from the manufactory of Messrs. Fouque and Arnoux, in the department of the Upper Gironde, gentlemen who have devoted much attention to examining how far the art of ordinary typography may be extended to the deco-



ration of earthenware. The service, of which this plate forms a part, was exhibited in the Exposition of 1859, as a specimen of printing from wood-blocks applied to earthenware, and was then honoured with a prize. The process, however, has not been so successful as it was expected to be, and has, we believe, to some extent been abandoned. We have found that most practical men believe that wood offers no



advantages over copper in point of economy, and that its use involves a greater number of mechanical difficulties; but we are disposed to question the validity of the grounds on which they have reached this conclusion.

On the whole it is generally confessed that the French have not rivalled the English in the lightness and compactness of their earthenware, and, as those who frequent the *cafés* of Paris know by sad experience, that the French glazes easily chip and crack, so that vegetable and animal matter gets absorbed in the loose texture of the body, and that the plate then becomes offensive, not only to sight but smell.

The principal manufactures of earthenware in France are those of Choisy, Creil, and Montereau, around Paris; Arboras, near Lyons; Sarreguemines, in the department of the Moselle; Toulouse, Chantilly, and Bordeaux. The biscuit they produce is less compact and less sonorous than that of England, particularly in the factories around Paris, and hence their plates and cups are of a very clumsy thickness, and peculiarly susceptible of the disagreeable stains already noticed. The best imitations of English ware brought under our notice were produced at Montereau, where a factory was first established by an Englishman, named Hall, and at Bordeaux. The French *biscuit* is baked at a lower temperature than the English; if exposed to a higher degree it would become of a dirty red colour, and even at the best its pretensions to rank as a pure white are very equivocal.

We were not aware, until we visited Sévres, that Sweden possesses a very respectable manufacture of earthenware, established at Norstrand near Stockholm. The Swedes call the article *ogäle postlin*, or "false porcelain." It has been brought to some perfection in texture, but the decorations are coarser than any which have been used in England since the days of Wedgwood.

Turning, to what in England is called Stoneware, the *Grés Cérame*, or simply *Grés*, of the French, we have a material capable of supplying much decoration in form and ornaments of relief, but which admits little, if any, scope for colour. The metallic colouring of the Beauvais ware is perfectly detestable, and ornaments thus barbarized are only bought by such as are found to patronise the monsters of China and the idols of Japan. We are not sure that the graceful cup which we have here copied was not recommended to us as much by the absence of unfixed colour and gilding, as by the elegance of its form. It must, however, strike every observer, from the harmony of its ansation with the general curve of the cup. It was, we believe, intended for a chalice, but the catalogue gives us no particulars of its history, and the attendants at the Museum seemed scarcely aware of its existence, overshadowed as it was by a number of articles, gilt, bronzed, painted, and beplastered with ornaments, which were anything rather than decorations.



In the finer kinds of stoneware we saw nothing to rival the productions of Wedgwood in ancient, or Copeland and Garrett, in modern times; but, in the coarser kinds, England has nothing to rival the productions of Beauvais. The villages around this old cathedral town are almost wholly tenanted by potters, the argillaceous beds in their neighbourhood supplying them with abundance of materials. Those who manufacture the plain stoneware are called "potters," but those who make ware glazed with lead are called "plumbers," a name which for some time caused us no little perplexity. They use three kinds of clay; a yellow earth, which is generally near the surface, but which does not afford a good material; a darker clay mixed with sand, used only for the coarsest articles; and a brown plastic clay underlying the former, in the order of stratification which furnishes the articles of Beauvais

ware, which have won rather more favour than their merits justify, both in France and England.

The potters of Beauvais are poor, but those with whom we conversed had received a fair elementary education, could draw very fairly, and had some knowledge of the principles of Art. There is a good museum in the town, and a collection of works of art for the use of the royal manufactory of tapestry, with a school of design attached, by which the potters have largely profited. If we saw little originality, we witnessed much cleverness in imitation, and still more in adaptation; for we were present when an ordinary workman, by a few clever alterations changed a very bad design for a vase into a very attractive pattern for an egg-cup. It is probable that the Beauvais potteries are the oldest in France, for Rabelais mentions them as already celebrated at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The trade is in the hands of three or four families, and has been handed down from father to son for several generations. Vases five and six feet high have been manufactured of Beauvais ware, and as they are not so liable to be disintegrated by atmospheric action as Terra Cottas, they are likely to be found of much value in external decoration.

Porcelain, properly so called, next demands our attention; it is one of the best defined classes of pottery, being well characterised by the compactness and translucency of its body, a translucency easily distinguishable from that which marks some varieties of ironstone ware. There are some specimens of stoneware from Japan (Buccaros), which are as purely white and almost as transparent as porcelain. Indeed it is a general remark, that the Japanese productions in ware are superior to those of China. The porcelain from Japan has a whiter body, a more translucent glaze, more artistic ornament, better shading, and greater brilliancy of colour than the productions of the Celestial Empire.

Generally speaking, English porcelain differs from that of most other countries in having a body of more fusible clay and a more tender glaze. The English compost was brought to its present perfection chiefly by Spode and the Ridgways of Shelton; a glaze quite as hard as that of Sévres or Dresden, which resists steel, is not now uncommon on English porcelain; we have found glazes of this kind on the porcelains of Copeland, Minton, Ridgway and others, and though this is a point of superiority claimed by the French manufacturers, we believe that English glazes will be found sufficiently firm for all practical purposes. Even were we to confess any inferiority in this respect, we may console ourselves with the reflection that the English processes are more simple, more certain, and more economic than those employed in France, and that the products can therefore be obtained at a much cheaper rate. We were informed at the Russian embassy, that the service which Copeland and Garrett manufactured for the Emperor was more beautiful and cheaper than that which he purchased at Sévres, and that either would cost him less than a service made at the imperial manufactory in St. Petersburg. We must add, that English colours appear to be more permanent and better fixed than those of France; the French carmine will not resist the action of steam, and, much as French gilding is separated, we have not found it firmer than the gilding on the best pieces of Copeland, Minton, Ridgway, and others.

In this very diversified collection of porcelain at Sévres it is scarcely possible to follow any very definite order; the first article which we have to notice is a bowl, said in the catalogue to have been brought from China, but which we believe to be a Japanese production, for the symbolic bird is one of the Japanese symbols described by Klaproth, and the arabesques are the same as we have found on specimens of porcelain brought to Java from Japan. The bird is of a bright brown on a rich ground of gold, and the arabesques are of a bluish green on a white

ground. The body is very translucent, and rings like glass; the border is slightly sculptured, and is not unlike in effect to the depressed patterns filled with



glaze which Mr. Le Baron recently brought over to England as a new invention.



The Jesuit missionaries, who are still our best authorities on all matters connected with Chinese manufactures, inform us, that the Chinese painters carry the division of labour to its utmost extent in art; one traces the outline, another gives the colour, and a third supplies the back ground. A bottle of very graceful form and harmonious proportions was pointed out to us as singularly illustrative of this Chinese custom. The body is a rich yellow, the demoniac figure in the centre is a bright green, the four patches around a very staring red, while the scrolls or bands are of most delicate blue.

We turn next to a very beautiful basket of hard porcelain, manufactured at Berlin under the auspices



of Frederick the Great; the basket work is of a pure white, the stem is blue, but the base and the circular bands are of a dark brown, decorated with palmetto leaves and arabesques.



A tea-pot from the royal manufactory of Dresden, remarkable for the boldness of its ansation and the general gracefulness of its outline, with the exception



of the cover, which is too flat, suggests to us the propriety of giving an outline of the history of this establishment, the parent of the porcelain manufacture in Europe. A Saxon chemist, named Tschirnhaus, having adopted Reaumur's theory, that porcelain was a glass imperfectly vitrified, made several experiments at a glass-works over which he presided, and succeeded in producing some very good specimens of *spelt*, which, we need hardly add, had none of the qualities of true porcelain. About the same time, Böttger, a physician of Magdeburg, abandoned his profession to devote himself to the study of alchemy, and soon gave out that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and the secret of the transmutation of metals. Frederick William I. of Prussia, duped by the tale, invited Böttger to his court, and took him into his service. Gold not having been produced so quickly as the avaricious King expected, he menaced the alchemist, who fled secretly to Saxony, where he was protected by the Elector. Böttger, who believed, or pretended to believe, that his failures in transmutation arose from the imperfection of his crucibles, was introduced to Tschirnhaus, and in the course of their experiments to ascertain the best clay for withstanding fire, they discovered the means of manufacturing that opaque, but fine ware, known as "the red porcelain of Dresden." This discovery diverted Böttger from alchemy and Tschirnhaus from vitrification; they commenced a series of Ceramic experiments, which enabled them to make very great improvements without, however, attaining to the secret of true porcelain.

It is much to be regretted that no authentic record of these experiments has been preserved; for though the two chemists failed in their immediate object, Böttger boasted that he had discovered several different kinds of ware, possessing extraordinary and valuable qualities. Like many other German philosophers of his day, he described these qualities in a Rosycrucian gibberish, which is quite unintelligible, and which, in ninety cases out of the hundred, might be rejected as arrant quackery. But Böttger appears to have been too sincere an enthusiast to deserve the imputation of being a mere mountebank; he only followed the fashion of his day in adopting the artificial and affected terminology of the alchemists, and before we censure too harshly his want of precision, we must remember that we have not yet banished from common parlance such absurd expressions as *butter of antimony*, *sugar of lead*, *cream of tartar*, and *oil of vitriol*.

Hair-powder was at this period universally worn, and in a year when corn was very dear, ingenuity was set to work to discover a substitute for farina. In 1711, John Schnorr, a wealthy ironmaster, riding near Carlsfeld, remarked that the feet of his horse stuck fast in a bed of white mud, so tenacious that he could not extricate them without difficulty. Schnorr bought the ground which contained this white earth, and established a manufacture of argillaceous hair-powder, large quantities of which were sold in Dresden. It happened one day that Böttger's servant dressed his master's wig with this powder, and Böttger perceiving an unusual weight on his head inquired the reason. The servant then told him of the discovery of argillaceous hair-powder, and the alchemist immediately commenced a series of experiments on the new substance, which finally led to the discovery that it was the basis of true porcelain.

Böttger's subsequent life was anything but that of a philosopher; he became a dissipated man of

fashion, and his extravagances provoked censure, even in so corrupt a capital as Dresden was during the electorate of Augustus.

His health soon gave way from these excesses; the Elector remonstrated, and sent his most able physicians to counsel the profligate; but Böttger, who was probably deranged in intellect, from excess of vanity repelled their advice with scorn, and threatened them with personal chastisement if they should venture to renew their visits. He then in bravado indulged in a drunken debauch, even more excessive than any of his previous extravagant pranks, and died of

apoplexy in the midst of the entertainment.

The protection which Böttger received in Saxony had nearly led to a war between that country and



Prussia, and it greatly embittered the hostility of Frederick the Great to the Elector during the seven years' war. Saxon potters were forcibly transported to Berlin, and they were the chief manufacturers of the polychrome pottery of Prussia, of which we give a richly decorated coffee-cup as an example.

An accident so variously recorded that it is impossible to ascertain the particulars with any satis-



faction, led to the discovery of a large bed of argillaceous clay, similar to that of Saxony, in Ingermannland, in Russia, and some German immigrants were induced to settle there by the Empress Catherine. The ewer which we have copied formed part of a toilet-service, manufactured for that sovereign. The colour is of deep brown, and the handle is of bronze; the decorations are of gold, richly

burnished; and we have seen no finer specimen of gilding in the collection.

Chemical, rather than artistic considerations, direct attention to a soup-tureen manufactured at Piedmont. It is called *Magnesian porcelain*, because a



silicate, or carbonate of magnesia, predominates in the clay of which it is composed. We believe that this kind of porcelain is only produced at Kneuf, near Turin, and at Vallecass, not far from Madrid. The article which we have taken as a specimen is of a brilliant white ground, with ornaments in bright blue; its transparency is not very perfect, but the clouded milkiness has not an unpleasant effect.

The specimens of the porcelain manufacture at St. Cloud, which preceded Sévres, are all in the style



of the seventeenth century; the best of them are the coffee-services. We give a cup of considerable merit in shape, but still more worthy of remark for the richness of the blue colour, in which the ornaments have been executed.

Contrary to previous expectation we found the wine-coolers some of the very worst articles in the collection. One, however, manufactured at Chantilly



early in the last century, and designed, we believe, for the Prince de Condé, appeared meritorious in form, but not particularly good in decoration: the flowers being coloured in the Chinese style, are a bad imitation of a very bad model. The ansation, too, is clumsy, and the insertion of the handles is badly managed; the material employed has given a softer body than is usual in French porcelain.

We come now to the productions of Sévres itself, and commence with the vase of Losibius, so called because it is a very exact copy of a marble vase in the Royal Museum, attributed to Losibius, an eminent Athenian sculptor. It is too elaborate to be copied, but we may mention that it is adorned with hieroglyphic figures of all the arts and sciences which are supposed to contribute to the perfection of



the potter's art, substituted for the figures of the divinities on the vase of Losibius. Next to it we are disposed to place a chimney vase, named the "Turpin Etruscan," because it was executed from



a design furnished by the Count de Turpin, and was honoured with some clever modifications from an Etruscan vase in his possession.

We have already stated our opinion, that in the reproduction of classic and antique forms, the French are inferior to the Wedgwood of the past English school, and the Copeland of the present; they are always tempted to run into the style of the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis. In their original designs we find a strong tendency to multiply very needlessly variations of form, and to produce inconvenience by ornamental projections. Leloy's cups, which are extravagantly admired, appear to us, as we believe they will to our readers, a little fantastic in this respect. They are about a foot in



height, and about the same in diameter; the twelve compartments into which the circumference is divided, have been painted by eminent artists; but though the execution of all the parts is exquisite, the general impression produced by the whole, is that the cups are painfully overloaded with ornament.

There are several sets of decorations for a grand table, consisting of five pieces each, representing or symbolizing the principal objects of a rich repast. That which pleased us most, was to the full as remarkable for its grotesque whimsicality as its artistic beauty. The centre was a monument about a yard

in height, having at the summit a group representing Comus and his genii drinking to the health of the company. The four seasons were represented by children peeping through the pillars of the monument, and carrying baskets of flowers characteristic of the time; while above them were suspended festoons of fruit, poultry, and game. Venison was represented by Diana sitting at one side of the pedestal; beef and mutton by a very handsome shepherdess at the other. The base was decorated with bas-reliefs, representing hunting and fishing. Two cups supported by palm-trees, served as fruit dishes, and grouped round the base were children with baskets of fruit to present to the company. Two cornucopias, emblematical of bread and wine, completed the group; we have copied that which



symbolized bread; it springs, as will be seen, from the head of an ox, and the bas-reliefs at the base represent agricultural operations. The representative of wine springs from the head of a panther, and is crowned with the fruit of that palm, which yields the palm-wine. At the base are bas-reliefs, representing the various processes of vine cultivation and the manufacture of wine.

The best executed and most effective of these designs relate to the vintage; but we deem it an error in the artist to have introduced the modern wine-press, instead of the ancient practice of treading out the grapes. In the great collection of Egyptian antiquities will be found some very suggestive pictures of this process, with all its exhilarating accompaniments, which we should recommend to any artist employed to design a Bacchanalian jug. Undue prominence is given to the less picturesque process, and besides, the processes of fermentation, &c., are represented far too literally. Indeed, we ought to make a similar complaint of the companion piece; the artist ought to have been satisfied with representing the chief agricultural operations connected with the growth of corn, but he has gone much farther, and pictured the operations of the miller, the baker, and the confectioner. Now, how-

ever pleasant the results may be, we doubt whether the processes of the mill, the bakehouse, and the kitchen furnish the best subjects for pictorial and artistic decoration.

The execution of these objects is really exquisite; but the taste in which they were devised appears to us more than questionable.

Fragonard, by whom the objects just described were composed, produced many better things. We have never seen a centre piece for a splendid dessert-service, superior to his palm-leaf *Corbeille*, with a group of children at the base. It is about half a-yard in height, and is exquisitely modelled. We should

wish to see Copeland and Garrett's statuary porcelain employed in the decoration of dessert-services, and we feel assured that the ingenuity of English artists would supply better devices than festoons of chickens



and pigeons, with bunches of turnips as tassels. The matter is worthy the consideration of some of the noble and wealthy patrons of art; the dessert-services artistically executed would suggest considerations of art at the very moment when the mind is most prepared for their reception.

French taste, we are told, prefers Fragonard's cup to his palm-basket. We are not insensible to the merits of the vase, though we do not think that an inverted vase for a pedestal was by any means a happy thought, and are not quite satisfied with the management of the base. This is chiefly used as a centre-piece, but Fragonard designed it for a side-



piece, and was of opinion that centre-pieces should be more pyramidal in their forms. We quite agree in his views, and are content to record our assent without further observation.



A fruit-basket, intended to form part of a breakfast-service, struck as at once elegant and simple;



we have caused it to be copied, though fruit and wine rarely form part of an Englishman's morning meal. It is very tastefully designed, we believe by Fragonard, and has been very carefully executed.

One of Fragonard's cups, less honoured in France than those we have previously quoted, appears to us



second only to his palm-basket in richness, and superior to it in purity of taste. We have, therefore, added it to the objects selected from the Museum, not only as beautiful in itself, but suggestive of many graceful variations.

Reflections crowd upon us as we quit a collection which we are conscious that we have not examined as completely as its merits would justify. It now only remains for us to say a few words on the comparative state of the porcelain manufacture in England and France. We are disposed to yield the palm to the French enamelled vases, and to the table decorations as distinguished from table services. Even in the inferior ware the French have produced some vases which could hardly be matched in England. At Beauvais, for instance, they have produced vases five or six feet high, simply by the wheel, the seat of the workman being raised, like a music-stool, as the vase became tall. In the gilding, and in the application of the colours obtained from preparations of gold; we are also inclined to allow that our neighbours have the advantage over us; but we must deny at once the superiority they claim for their dinner and tea services. In these, England has gone ahead, and this is the opinion of the Germans and Russians, whose judgment may be regarded as impartial. For coffee-services we can, at least, claim equality.

Porcelain slabs for chimney-pieces, tops of tables, sideboards, &c., are both cheaper and better in England. There are no specimens in France equal to the floral patterns produced by Mr. Battam, of Copeland and Garrett's house; for the French colour their flowers beyond nature, in the Chinese style, and never introduce that misty softening by which Battam imitates some of the most pleasing effects of atmosphere.

There are, however, some slabs in the Sévres collection which we cannot pass over without notice. One of these, the top of a table, represents the father of Raphael presenting his immortal son to Prigino for instruction; the figures are drawn with great spirit, and there is more character in the expression of the features than could be well expected on porcelain, without any of that dramatic exaggeration, which is the besetting sin of the French school. Around the centre-piece are cameo-medallions, taken from different works, allegorically representing Poetry, Philosophy, the Sciences, &c., executed with

extraordinary skill and effect. Next to this, but inferior in merit, we should rank a piece, entitled the Chinese Cabinet, executed in 1844, from the designs of Mr. Leon Feuchère. It contains six pictures of remarkable localities in China, and of remarkable circumstances in the civil life of the Chinese, painted on porcelain by Messrs. Langlès, Develly, and Jules André, taken from Borget's oil-paintings, which were themselves derived from sketches taken by an artist on the spot. Among these pictures, the most remarkable are—a mandarin's boat on the Honan canal, approaching a suburb of Canton; the poet Ly-tai-pe walking in the imperial gardens, escorted by the officers of the guard, and attended by the servants of the imperial household, who offer him wine in golden cups; and a very graceful landscape, exhibiting shepherds and shepherdesses pasturing their flocks between Canton and Macao. A more painful interest attaches to the Wedding Cabinet, on which are depicted the ceremonials of the marriage of the late Duke of Orleans, and for which we understand additional panels are being prepared, to represent the unhappy circumstances of his death. We believe that several similar cabinets have been recently ordered; but we deem them, as articles of furniture, more likely to suggest ideas of tawdry affectation than feelings of artistic beauty.

Minton's bisque figures are now superior to the French in artistic management of drapery, and particularly in the lace imitations, and he gives equal excellence at a cheaper rate. Ridgway's trays and corbeilles are richer and more varied than any we saw in the shops of Paris; and we can say the same of Rose's vases, decorated with raised flowers.

In the earthen and stoneware manufactures the superiority of England is undisputed; it is true that we produce nothing like the *Grès-cérames* of Beauvais, but, on the other hand, the English stoneware for chemical and culinary purposes is superior to that of any other country. It is hardly necessary to say more of earthenware than to mention a fact obvious to everybody, that the dinner services at the best Parisian *cafés* are in every way inferior to those of ordinary English chop-houses. France can claim, perhaps, some advantage in a few articles which contribute to the luxury and ostentation of the wealthy, but England has a decided superiority in everything which tends to increase the comfort, the enjoyment, and the convenience of the general community.

It is impossible to visit and examine the Museum at Sévres without being convinced that the Greeks and Græco-Italians are our best guides to the great principles which form the basis of the arts of design: they idealized Nature; other designers either servilely copied Nature as direct imitators, or gave themselves up to the caprices of fantasy. It was a conviction that the classic potters had discovered the true road of invention which led Wedgwood to reproduce the vases of Sir William Hamilton's collection, and it is from similar feelings that Copeland is now reproducing the forms of Etruria, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Even if it should happen that these articles may not meet a remunerative sale, the influence of their forms will extend over all other branches of the Ceramic art; and let us add, that there is no English branch of industry in which Design has made such rapid and marked progress within a few years. It is an art in which improvement of material and improvement of design have gone on together. Wedgwood, Ridgway, Davenport, Copeland, Minton, Rose, &c. have always begun by improving the substance, and then sought to give the superior substance the attraction of superior form. Geology, mineralogy, and chemistry must combine with the art of design to render further extension and improvement of this branch of industry profitable or practicable. We are persuaded that the knowledge of the English clays applicable to plastic production is exceedingly limited, and equally limited is our chemical knowledge of enamelled colours; all that we possess in either of these great departments has been almost wholly derived from accident and from tentative processes. The investigations requisite to raise these branches of knowledge to the proper level cannot be undertaken by private individuals, however wealthy or however enterprising; and, though it may not be very agreeable to some parties in the present day, we invoke the aid of the state to foster, to direct, and to encourage everything which can tend to develop the physical resources of the empire, and promote the general welfare of the community.

The history of pottery affords ample proof that plastic design cannot be profitably taught apart from

plastic construction. The young students at Sévres are instructed in all the details of manufacture, in the analysis of the earths, and in chemistry, as well as in drawing. If we are to have a school in the Potteries we must give the pupils as wide a range of instruction as they receive in France, or else the school will be an absolute failure. In fact at the present moment we look for improvement in plastic design more to the new resources which geological investigation and chemical analysis may be expected to discover, and to the consequent suggestions and incentives applied as stimulants to invention, than we do to any progress of the Fine Arts.

We should expect much from the establishment of a Ceramic Museum in the metropolis. On the ethnographic value of such an institution we have already spoken; but even economically, its geographical department may not prove valueless. Accident has been the parent of the greatest discoveries of material ever made applicable to this branch of industry. The sore-eye of a horse in England, and the powdering of a wig in Germany, gave to these countries their porcelain manufactories. It is, therefore, possible that in other countries clays which we neglect may prove available for new forms of ware, some to be desired as cheaper in production, others as more susceptible of ornament. There is a yellowish ware manufactured in the Crimea, the specimens of which lead us to infer that it is a compost capable of leading to new applications and effects. We desiderate an analysis to point out the difference of composition in the porcelain of China and Japan; and we want to know how far the elements of the Chinese productions vary in different ages and in different provinces. Such investigations are desirable in every manufacture; but they are especially so in an art, the materials of which are spread over the whole surface of the globe. What we reject as worthless to-day may be proved valuable to-morrow; what we have been accustomed to use to mend the roads may be proved applicable to the construction of palaces. Cobalt was long spurned and cursed as a substance which the Devil himself had devised to perplex miners, and Manganese was as long deemed utterly worthless. Metallic combinations appear to be used in Japan, unknown in Europe; chemical analysis would give us the secret of their composition; earths unused here are manufactured into vessels of various merit in other quarters of the globe; let us have means of ascertaining their comparative values and capabilities. We have invited foreign competition; we have challenged the whole world to rivalry, and we must not therefore neglect any of the means of success, of which we find our antagonists eagerly availing themselves.

We are bound to say that if England and France were to display their best productions in a joint Ceramic Exposure, that we believe England would gain the prize in the vast majority of the departments into which the art is divided. Indeed, English productions hold no unhonoured place in the Museum of Sévres itself. In France, we think that the Ceramic art, if not positively retrograding, at least is stationary, and very barely keeps its ground; in England there is no art which exhibits more unquestionable signs of progress.

The French boast of copies of pictures of the great masters, painted on porcelain slabs; we have the same objection to those pictures that we have to similar copies in *papier maché*: they are, at best, but brilliant blunders. They are designs utterly unsuited to the material on which they are displayed, and the better they are executed the more flagrant is the incompatibility of the conception with the medium through which it is realized. We have seen at Ridgway's of Shelton, some very splendid copies of pictures on porcelain, two of which really approached the perfection of the finest enamel; but we felt as we did at Sévres that it was a mistake to suppose that porcelain could reproduce the best pictures of oil or water-colours. We dwell on this point, the more as we observed in Paris a growing tendency to make copies of pictures a means of ornamentation; and we wish to direct the attention of our own artists to the danger of being indiscriminate in their selection. Form and colour are of course producible in enamel; but delicate shading, depth and distance are rarely to be obtained on the porcelain slab or the *papier-maché* tray. Certain we are, that no blunder is more pernicious than that of making design independent of material, and no one can visit Sévres without observing that it is the error most ridiculously guarded against by the directors of that establishment.



# ENGLISH CARRIAGES.\*

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

THE modern form of coach may be traced back to the days of Elizabeth, and Stow in his *Chronicles* thus relates the history of its introduction; he says, "In the year 1564, Guiliam Booneu, a Dutchman, became the Queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the Queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and down the country, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little, they grew usual among the nobilitie and others of sort, and within twenty years became a great trade of coach-making." The date of this latter trade he also gives, by which it appears to have been immediately taken up by our own manufacturers:—"This year (1564) Walter Rippon made a *coche* for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first *coche* that was ever made in England." Hoefnagel in his curious view of the famous palace at Nonsuch, dated 1582, has represented Elizabeth and her attendants in their coaches, looking on at a hunting got up for their amusement. This old print is particularly curious as the first engraved representation of an English coach; it forms the first of the illustrations to this paper. It reminds us more of the triumphant chariots used in stage plays, with its canopy and feathers, than a sober aid to locomotion. The body is low and heavy, and there is a clumsiness about the whole construction that we shall find common to all coaches until a comparatively modern period. The coachman, perhaps William Booneu himself, sits with Dutch solemnity in front, driving, or rather walking, his horses, by staid and solemn steps on their road, the whole looking about as active as a modern hearse. The Queen's attendants sit in another coach, the sides of which are perfectly open; but it is less fanciful in form, having the back and front closed, and an oblong canopy above, at each corner of which balls, surmounted by spikes, are placed as ornaments; and a similar decoration on the summit of the raised centre. In the middle of each side of the carriage, is a projection capable of holding a single person, who thus sat with his back to the carriage, and which was termed *the boot*; it was an inconvenient and uncomfortable situation, and is often alluded to as such. Unlike the Queen's chariot, the driver here sits upon one of the horses. This coach, with less of pretension, has a more commodious and social look than the theatrical affair in which the illustrious lady sits in solitary state.

When royalty and the nobility moved from place to place at this period of our history, the army of attendants and the quantity of carriages used for conveying household stuff and other things, rivalled the appearance of an Eastern caravan. Harrison, in his *Description of Britain*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, says, "Our princes and the nobilitie have their carriage commonly made by carts, whereby it cometh to passe, that when the Queen's majesty doth remove from place to place, there are usually 400 carewares, which amount to the sum of 2,400 horses, appointed out of the countries adjoining, whereby her carriage is conveyed safely unto the appointed place." Henry, fifth Earl of Northumberland, when on a journey, appears from his household book to have been accompanied by no less than seventeen carriages, filled with every needful article of household furniture, and by thirty-six horsemen. It was usual at this time to carry from place to place articles that now are always kept as part of the necessary furniture of a residence, which no one thinks of changing. When the nobility moved from London to the country, they unfurnished the town house to make the country one habitable, and *vice versa*. Not only were beds and furniture of the better kind taken, tapestry from the walls, and plate from the court-cupboard; but pots and pans, and kitchen utensils, were packed up and brought at the flag-end of the procession, along with the scullions and turnspits, who found a seat among them where they could; and from their unwashed faces and hands, and the watch they kept on the rear, were jocularly termed *the black-guards*, a name which has since been applied to others of the community, who boasting cleaner faces, have a moral blackness, less readily removed

\* Continued from page 130.

than the more innocent taint of the original holders of that name, since become odious. The slovenliness of ancient houses rendered these removals necessary, and even during a residence



in them, censers or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, were most necessary utensils, and always to be seen. Lodge tells us, that Lord Paget's house was so small that "after one month it would *was unsavoury* for him to continue in it," and in a letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, respecting his prisoner, Mary Queen of Scots, we read "that her majesty was to be removed for five or six days, to cleanse her chamber, being kept *very uncleanly*." But the most startling and conclusive of all anecdotes is that told in the memoirs of Anne Countess of Dorset, where we are informed of a party of lords and ladies who "were all lousy by sitting in Sir Thomas Erskine's chamber."

As to the etymology of the term *coach* some uncertainty appears to exist. Beckman, in his *History of Inventions*, has devoted some space to the question, and to that work I must refer the reader who is curious on the point. He inclines to think it a term of Hungarian extraction, and to have been derived from the word *Gutsche*, which for-

merly signified a couch or sofa, a curious coincidence with the early *wheel-bed* of the Saxons, which we have already engraved. He, however, adds, "M. Cornides has lately endeavoured to prove that the word coach is of Hungarian extraction, and that it had its rise from a village in the province of Wieselburg, which at present is called *Kitses*, but was known formerly by the name of *Kotsee*, and that this travelling machine was there first invented."

The great rapidity with which the use of coaches spread in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth became the subject of remark with the satirist, and ultimately with the legislature. Massinger has noticed them in his "City Madam," as furnished with their full amount of attendants, even when used by the richer Londoners. His Anne Frugal demands of her courtly admirer

"my caroch  
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, groom,  
Postilion and footman."



And Bishop Hall asks, in one of his Satires,—

"Is't not a shame to see each homely groom  
Sit perched in an idle chariot room,  
That were not meet some panel to bestride,  
Sursingled to a galled hackney's hide."

Parliamentary interference was asked for and obtained, but when "the Bill to restrain the excessive use of Coaches within this realm of England, was read on the 7 of Nov. 1601, it was rejected," and the attorney-general was only directed to look to a due consideration of the statutes touching the breed and maintenance of horses, "and that some fit bill be drawn and preferred to the house touching the same, and concerning the use of coaches." Great clamour at this time was raised against them, it was alleged that they endangered life in the streets, that they encouraged idleness and luxury, impoverished the poor, and destroyed the trade of a very industrious class, the London watermen. "So rapid was their increase in the early part of the seventeenth century," says

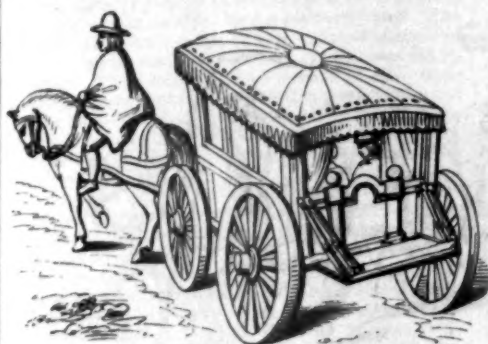
Mr. Markland, in his curious paper in the *Archæologia*, "that in 1636 upwards of 6000 coaches appear to have been kept in London and the neighbourhood." Their appearance at this time may be seen in our third cut, copied by Mr. Markland from a very rare and curious tract, entitled "Coach and Sedan pleasantly disputing for place and precedence; the Brewer's Cart being Moderator. Lond. 1636." From this print it appears that the coach was closed on all sides, and that the windows were furnished with cushions and leather blinds to close them, which rendered them liable to all sorts of evil imputations. The "sin-gully coach," being one; but the most popular and enduring was the coarse term, *Hell-cart*, a word probably first coined for them by John Taylor the Water Poet, a name he obtained from having originally been a Thames waterman; and whose rancour against coaches was sharpened by the remembrance of his early career, and found vent in a satirical pamphlet, published in 1623, with the quaint title of "The World runnes on Wheels, or



membrane of his early career, and found vent in a satirical pamphlet, published in 1623, with the quaint title of "The World runnes on Wheels, or



Odds betwixt Carts and Coaches," and which is adorned with a most ungallant woodcut of the



world dragged along on coach wheels by the devil and a fashionable lady. His pamphlet is so curious an example of the popular feeling of the day, that I shall quote it rather largely.

He dedicates his tract to "the Sacred Societie of Hackney-men," and others who may feel aggrieved by his pamphlet; and he defends what he has done by saying, "I think never such an impudent, proud, saucie intruder came into the world as a coach is; for it hath driven many honest families to all misdeeds, hospitality to extortion, plenty to famine, humility to pride, compassion to oppression, and all earthly goodness almost to utter confusion.

"These have been the causes why I writ this booke in prose, and dedicated it to all your good companies, knowing that you have borne a heavy share in the calamity which these hired hackney hell-carts have put this commonwealth unto. For in all my whole discourse I do not inveigh against any coaches that belong to persons of worth or quality, but only against the caterpillar swarm of hirelings; they have undone my poor trade, whereof I am a member, and though I look for no reformation yet, I expect the benefit of an old proverb, 'give the losers leave to speak.'" The sort of argument he uses is exceedingly amusing. He says, "As man is the most noblest of all creatures, and all four-footed beasts are ordained for his use and service, so a cart is the emblem of a man, and a coach is the figure of a beast. For as man hath two legs, a cart hath two wheels: the coach being in the like sense the true resemblance of a beast, by which is parabolically demonstrated unto us, that as much as men are superior to beasts, so much are honest and needful carts more nobly to be regarded and esteemed, above needless and time-troubling coaches." He then adds, "The word *carmen*, as I find it in dictionary, doth signify a verse or a song, and betwixt *carmen* and *carmen* there is some good correspondency, for versing, singing, and whistling, all three are musical. Besides, the cart-horse is a more learned beast than the coach-horse, for scarce any coach-horse in the world doth know any letter in the book, whereas every cart-horse doth know the letter G very understandingly."

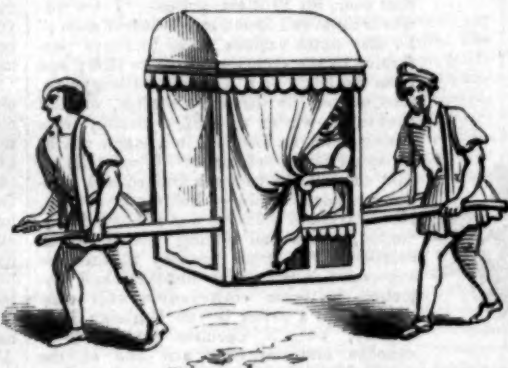


Having effected this pun to his own satisfaction, and equally well convinced himself of the inefficacy of coaches, not to say anything of their extravagance, and even of their immorality, he conjures the reader, "Oh, beware of a coach as you would doe of a tiger, a wolf, or a leviathan. I'll assure you it eats more (though it drinks less) than the coachman and his whole team; it hath a

mouth gaping on one side like a monster, with which they have swallowed all the good house-keeping in England." He adds, "Within our memories, our nobility and gentry would ride well mounted (and sometimes walk on foot), gallantly attended with three or four score brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation, and gave more content to the beholders than forty of your leather tumbrils. These men preserved their bodies strong and able by walking, riding, and other manly exercises. Then saddlers were a good trade, and the name of a coach was heathen Greek!"

The early history of their introduction he gives in the same quaint way:—"In the year 1664, one William Boone, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boone was Queen Elizabeth's coachman, for indeed a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement; some said it was a great crab-shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples, in which the cannibals adored the devil; but at last their doubts were cleared, and coach-making became a substantial trade: so that now all the world may see, they are as common, and may be hired as easy, as knights of the post."

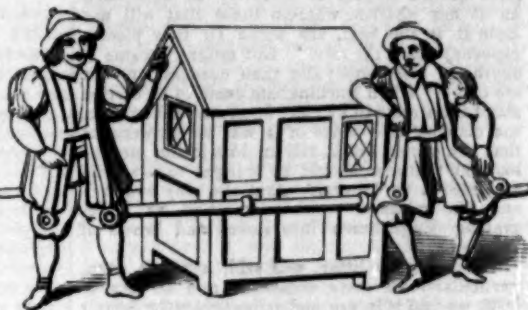
The *furor* for coach riding he imputes to the



pride which was so abundant, and he gives a ludicrous example of the extent of this passion in the story of "two leash of oyster wives," who "hired a coach to carry them to the green-goose fair at Stratford-le-Bow; and as they were hurried betwixt Aldgate and Mile-end, they were so bemadamed, be-mistressed, and beladyfied by the beggars, that the foolish women began to swell with a proud supposition of imaginary greatness, and gave all their money to the mendicanting canters."

The coach of 1616 may be seen in our fourth illustration, copied from Visscher's curious view of London, which was published at Antwerp in that year. In 1635, the King published a proclamation, in which he declares that the great numbers of hackney coaches of late time seen and kept in London, Westminster, and their suburbs, and the general and promiscuous use of coaches there, were not only a great disturbance to his Majesty, his dearest consort the Queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets; but the streets themselves were so pestered, and the pavements so broken up, that the common passages were hindered and made dangerous, and besides, the prices of hay and provender made exceedingly dear. "Wherefore," concludes the proclamation, "we expressly command and forbid, that no hackney

or hired coaches be used or suffered in London, Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, except they



be to travel at least three miles out of the same. And also that no person shall go in a coach in the said streets, except the owner of the coach shall constantly keep up four able horses for our service when required." Such an edict as this, so insolent in its tone, so arbitrary and absurd in its exactions, enables us to measure the distance between the sixteenth and the nineteenth century—between English freedom, as it existed before the civil wars, and as it now exists.\*

In 1634, the first hackney-coach stand was established in London. Garrard thus describes it in a letter to Strafford:—"I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though ever so trivial. Here is one Captain Bailly, he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the May-pole, in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down; that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the water-side. Everybody is much pleased with it; for whereas before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

Sir Saunders Duncombe, in 1634, brought the Sedan-chair into fashion;† and the King granted him the privilege of letting them to hire for fourteen years, the patent declaring that the lives and limbs of his Majesty's subjects being greatly endangered by the multitude of coaches in London and Westminster, these conveyances would be a proper substitute. The Sedan of 1636 is represented in our fifth cut, from the tract called "Coach and Sedan," already mentioned. It is a square ugly box, with a window in front and on each side, with a sloping roof, looking altogether like the child's "Noah's Ark," in a toy-shop window. These clumsy contrivances were stated to be imitations of those "used beyond sea;" but that the latter were much superior things may be seen in our sixth cut, copied from "Sandys' Travels," 1616, probably one of the earliest representations of these conveyances. He calls them *sedges*, and speaking of Naples, where he saw them, says:—"The number of carosses is incredible that are kept



\* These knights were men who hung about the law courts, against the posts and pillars of the porticoes, ready to be hired for false swearing.

† They are by some writers said to have taken their name from their first plying between Hackney and London. But the term *hackney* was applied to hired horses at a much earlier period.

\* Knight's Pictorial History of England.

† Stafford's Letters, Vol. I., p. 227, quoted in Knight's London, Vol. I., p. 27. It may be worth notice that Beckford is in error when he says that hackney, or hired coaches, originated in France, in 1650.

‡ That article obtained its name from the town of Sedan, in France, where they were first invented and used.



in this city, as of the sedges not unlike to horse litters, but carried by men. These wait for fares at the corners of streetes, as water-men do at our wharfes, wherein those that will not foote it in the heat, are borne (if they please, unseene) about the city." But sedans became if anything, more unpopular than coaches, and we are told—"When Buckingham came to be carried about the streets in a chair, upon men's shoulders, the clamour and noise of it was so extravagant that the people would rail on him in the streets, loathing that men should be brought to so servile a condition as horses." And the silly monarch and his minions were stigmatised as "degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden."

The old horse-litter, was still, however, seen, particularly for state occasions, and as late as 1638, we find it in use, and delineated in La Serre's curious print, representing the procession down Cheapside of the Queen Mother, Mary de Medicis, when she visited London, to see her daughter, Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., and which is engraved as our seventh illustration. Its uncomfortable accommodation is ludicrously described in a bitter attack on the republicans of the Commonwealth in 1660. "Can we forget that horrid accident, when Major General Skippon came in a horse-litter, wounded, to London? When he passed the brew-house near St. John's Street, a devilish mastiff flew as at a bear, at one of his horses, and held him so fast, that the horse grew mad as a mad dog; the soldiers so amazed, that none had the wit to shoot the mastiff; but the

really a box, and a thing for necessary use, for in it was carried hammer, nails, pincers, rope, and

other articles wherewith to repair the coach in case of accidents; and the hammer-cloth was



devised to conceal these necessary, but unsightly, remedies for broken wheels and shivered panels; accidents which were far from uncommon in days of bad paving and worse lighting; when sewers were left open when undergoing repairs, with no light but a farthing candle in a dirty lanthorn, to give notice of danger to the hurrying charioteer.

The establishment of hackney coaches led to that of stage coaches, and Mr. Markland, in his valuable paper in the *Archæologia*, notices from the Diary of Mr. William Dugdale, that they were in use as early 1659, for under May 2 in that year, Sir William writes—"I set forwards towards London by Coventry Coach;" he also notes various other journeys performed by the same means, up to 1680; and from the Diary of a Yorkshire Clergyman, also quoted by the same author, we find that in the winter of 1682, a journey from Nottingham to London, in a stage coach, occupied four whole days! Wood tells us that the journey between Oxford and London occupied two days; but a conveyance, Mr. Markland tells us, was afterwards invented, called the Flying Coach, which completed the same journey in thirteen successive hours. The old-fashioned objection to these conveyances still continued, and a writer in the *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. 8, declares that, "these coaches and caravans are one of the

greatest mischiefs that hath happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to lands. First, by destroying the breed of good horses, the strength of the nation, and making men careless of attaining to good horsemanship, a thing so useful and commendable in a gentleman. Secondly, by hindering the breed of watermen, who are the nursery for sea-men, and they the bulwark of the kingdom. Thirdly, by lessening his majesties revenues."

The carriage in use by the upper classes at the period of the Revolution of 1688 may be seen in our ninth cut, copied from Romaine de Hoo's curious print, representing the entry of William III. to the royal palace at Whitehall. It is drawn by six horses, a postilion sits on the fore horse, the coachman on the box. The coach is still clumsy,

but unlike those of the days of Elizabeth; inasmuch as it has springs, so that the uncomfortable jolting of the passengers was saved, as they passed over the rudely paved streets of London. It is provided on each side with a boot; and in one of them sits a lady, much in the style of those seated in the carriage of the Elizabethan period, already engraved, these boots are often alluded to by the satirists; thus Taylor says of the coach, "like a perpetuall cheater it wears two boots and no spurs, sometimes having two pair of legs in one boot, and oftentimes against nature most preposterously, it makes fair ladies wear the boot; and if you note they are carried back to back, like people surprised by pyrats, to be tied in that miserable manner, and thrown overboard into the sea."

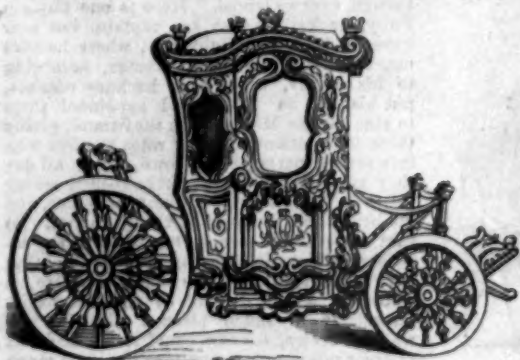
The small narrow carriage "like a sedan," mentioned by D'Avenant, of a better class, and constructed for state occasions may be seen in our tenth cut. It is preserved in the stables at Penshurst in Kent, where it is absurdly shown as the carriage given by Mary Queen of Scots to Lord Darnley! It is certainly not older than the latter half of the seventeenth century; but it is a good example of the sort of carriage then used by the nobility. Nothing can exceed the finish and beauty of the decorations; the hinges have projecting ornaments, terminating in busts of the Roman emperors; and the carving and other ornaments have a finish that could not be excelled. Although an improvement in shape and size is here visible, there is an over-ruling clumsiness about the whole thing which contrasts very forcibly with the more modern coach.



the equally heavy full-bottomed wig of the gentle-

• *Knights London*, Vol. I.

man within. The dignified, heavy, Dutch formality of English life in the reign of William III, beset these conveyances, and would tolerate no other.



horse-litter, borne between two horses, tossed the major-general like a dog in a blanket."

The popular clamour against coaches still continued among the lower classes, and Mr. Collier, in his curious "Book of Roxburgh Ballads," has printed one called "The Coaches Overthrow," in which it is declared

"Coach-makers may use many trades,  
And get enough of meanees;  
And coach-men may turne off their jades,  
And help to drain the fens.  
Heigh doune, derry, derry doune,  
With the hackney coaches doune!  
The sythe and flail,  
Cart and plow fall  
Doe want them out of toune."

The author views sedans with especial favour, and thus he sings of them:—

"I love Sedans, cause they do plod  
And amble every where,  
Which prancers are with leather shod,  
And ne're disturb the care.  
Heigh doune, derry, derry doune,  
With the hackney coaches doune!  
Their jumpings make  
The pavement shake,  
Their noise doth mad the toune."

Notwithstanding all this, they continued to increase, and were made narrower to suit the streets. The hackney-coachman of the Restoration, may be seen in our eighth cut, from a curious print in the Museum; he wears a long cassock, and his boots are so well ruffled, that his trade would appear to be a thriving one. The coach of the time of Charles II., is described by D'Avenant, as "uneasily hung and so narrow, that I took them for sedans on wheels." The streets were widened after the fire, and coaches again became broader, and were closed all round and covered with leather, ornamented with bright nails, and red wheels. The coachman took his seat on the box, covered with a hammer cloth. This seat was



## THE COMPETITION FOR £1000.

THE pictures painted in competition for this sum, which is to be awarded to the best version of 'The Baptism of Christ in the Jordan,' are now assembled in the rooms lately occupied by the Chinese Exhibition. The gentlemen who instituted this competition have thus far proceeded in good faith; but they have deceived themselves. The pictures are in number eleven; and fully one-half of these might have been justifiably rejected, as unlike anything resembling Art. The engagement stipulated to receive and exhibit pictures; but the half of these canvases have not one pictorial quality. It was expected that the offer would tempt many foreign Artists to compete; but there is not one competition from the Continent. The unconditional admission of competitors—the proposition of a field open to all comers—has afforded occasion for a desperate set on the part of some persons, who never could have seen either drawing or painting save that on the miserable canvases thus exposed. The project has been deemed a clever speculation—nay, an undoubted means of the realization of money, by the exhibition of an assemblage of works of Art of every school in Europe: for it was expected that the competition could not be less keen; but the circumstances and conditions of the proposal have operated against such a result. As the names of the competitors may be a matter of curiosity, and as there are so few of them, we give them according to their order in the catalogue:—Frank Howard; Edward Robertson, Glasgow; L. H. Sebbens; Wm. Fisk; David Scott, Edinburgh; J. Hutchings, Banbury; John Wood; E. Aphugh; H. B. Ziegler; George Browning, Augustine Aglio.

The picture, No. 1, by F. Howard, is distinguished by some good points, but these are counterbalanced by error and misconception. There are about twelve or thirteen impersonations, of whom the spectators at the water's edge bear no proportion to the Saviour and St. John. Moreover, the action of the Baptist is extravagant and theatrical, and his expression rather becoming that of a heroic than a sacred subject of this character.—By far the most earnestly executed picture in the room is No. 7 (John Wood). This picture contains not less than thirty-six figures, distributed with sound judgment throughout the composition, which is everywhere well balanced in its nice diversity of line. The Saviour is represented in a bending attitude, as expressive of the Divine Will: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Besides the principal figures, the foreground groups consist of Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, Peter, and Andrew, and a youth representing St. John the Divine; also, St. Luke, St. James the Less, St. Simeon, St. Matthew, &c. &c. The landscape portion of the picture is in character with the scenery of the Jordan; indeed every part of the work is distinguished by accuracy and laborious care, inasmuch as to signalize it a production of much merit.—Perhaps the most agreeable and striking version of the story is No. 4, by Mr. Fisk: it is at least pleasing, and, taken as a whole, will be considered by many as preferable to any of the others sent in competition. It is capable of easy improvement. The features of St. John are far too commonplace, while those of the Saviour are much too feminine. The picture is finished with great care; it is, at all events, as well done as Mr. Fisk could do it. Its interest, if not its value, is enhanced by the pretty—indeed graceful—introduction of groups of seraphim in the clouds.—No. 5, by Mr. David Scott, has some points of merit: a group to the left is well managed; but the portrait of the Saviour is a lamentable failure.

Farther than this, no criticism is required: the remainder, with scarcely an exception, would be objected to as booth-signs at a fair: it is impossible to speak of them in terms other than disgust. As we have intimated, there is not a single contribution by a foreign Artist.

We can lay no blame to the projectors of this Exhibition—the two gentlemen who have fairly and equitably submitted their plan to the "Artists of all Nations." It is deplorable that the call has not been replied to; that our Artists have turned a deaf ear to it, and that, in some respects, the character of British Art will be sadly lowered by this attempt at its elevation.

The prize will no doubt be awarded; to say the least, a great chance has been lost.

## ROYAL IRISH ART-UNION.

## EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT AND CELEBRATED DECEASED MASTERS, FOR RELIEF OF THE DISTRESS PREVAILING IN IRELAND.

ONE of the most remarkable and gratifying Exhibitions ever opened in Ireland is now attracting great and well-deserved attention in Dublin. It appears that the Royal Irish Art-Union, like many other public establishments and institutions, were called on to contribute towards the relief of the urgent and deplorable destitution now prevalent throughout Ireland; but found that, constituted as they were, they had no right to divert any of their fund from the specific objects for which it was originally subscribed. When, however, a good and energetic spirit is not wanting, there is not much difficulty as to the proper method of proceeding. In a happy moment it was suggested that, previous to the opening of the modern Exhibitions of the year, a project which the Committee had long contemplated using their influence to have revived, viz., an Exhibition of the Works of Ancient Masters, might, at the present juncture, be brought forward with peculiarly beneficial effects.

Mr. Stewart Blacker moved this resolution, the Committee recommended it, and the Society enthusiastically adopted the proceeding at a full and general meeting. The consequence has been, that in three weeks, by well-directed energy, judgment, and taste, such an exhibition of paintings has been collected and presented to the Irish public as must surprise every one—even those best acquainted with the resources of Ireland in this department—and this is the more remarkable, as it appears that, in order to save time and expense of carriage, the Committee restricted themselves almost altogether to Dublin and its immediate vicinity.

Very often in such undertakings—charity concerts and so forth—the expenses swallow up all the proceeds. The Committee and some members of the Art-Union determined this should not be the case as far as their speculation was concerned: for, by a spirited private subscription, they took the contingent expenses (no trifling matter) on themselves; and thus allowed the public the great additional gratification of feeling that every shilling given for admission went direct and unencumbered on, to feed the hungry and comfort the destitute.

We used the word *speculation* advisedly: for although amateurs, connoisseurs, artists, and so forth, might very highly appreciate such an undertaking, and value it in an æsthetic point of view very highly, still it was a question yet to be decided, how it would *take* with the public in general. This has been answered in a manner most creditable to the discrimination of the Irish metropolis, and beneficial to the charity. Independent of the expenses, paid as mentioned before, three or four hundred pounds have been sent to the general relief fund in a few weeks; and, in order to satisfy ourselves that this has not arisen from a mere occasional impulse, we have inquired and ascertained that already nearly 1500 season and family tickets have been issued! and are glad to find that many, who go at first from mere curiosity, pay additionally in order to study at their leisure.

Beneficial as the idea has turned out, as far as charity is concerned, the advantage taken by the Committee for the advancement of a true taste and genuine feeling for Art is deserving, in our opinion, of peculiar commendation, and this especially in two particulars. First, the very full and judicious explanatory catalogue they have published at so cheap a rate, so as to place within the reach of the many who have neither opportunity, means, or leisure, to cull for themselves the mass of information that is brought so concisely and readily within their grasp. Instead of the usual mere list of dry names of masters and proprietors, a short historic sketch of the progress of painting is given, the various schools and their principal characteristics, a classification of the works exhibited, the whole concluding with an ably-condensed notice of each artist. It is, in short, a model catalogue; and, considering the brief time there must have been to arrange, write, and compile it, required no small exertion of both body and mind.

The second grand achievement for which we must give the Committee full credit is the establishment of a Morning Academy, for the free and exclusive study of artists and properly-qualified students. We are glad to find all the noble and distinguished proprietors have given full permission for studies to be taken from their valuable works, under the care and surveillance of the Committee; and that from thirty to five-and-thirty artists and students attend every morning from six o'clock till ten, after which the public are admissible. The hours of study are under the direction and control of the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy and leading artists—a member of Committee also attending to afford any accommodation required; and nothing, we understand, can be better regulated or more satisfactorily conducted.

We shall now proceed to notice very briefly some of the most prominent works in each collection—thanking our stars, that instead of rambling about from collection to collection, as we have recently been doing, for the edification of our readers, we have in this sharp and changeable weather the cream of so many in the elated island brought together for our leisurely inspection in a most comfortable, well-warmed gallery, with every inducement at hand to make us fancy ourselves perfectly at home.

## THE VICE-REGAL LODGE COLLECTION.

His Excellency the Earl of Beesborough, Lord Lieutenant, has sent in two attractive and fine works:—

No. 10. 'David's Dying Charge to Solomon,' FERDINAND BOL. A large picture, figures life size, with good Rembrandtish effects. The King is represented as an aged man on his deathbed, with his crown and sword lying before him; on one side stands his son and successor, on the other sits Bathsheba. In spite of the modern and incongruous costume in which the figures are dressed, it is a fine and impressive work, and good specimen of the master.

No. 12. 'The Entry into the Ark,' HONDEKOTTER and WERNIX. The names of the artists will almost indicate that the subject is treated so as to display to the greatest advantage the painting of poultry by the former artist, and of other animals by the latter. The talents of both uncle and nephew are well shown off; the picture is of a large size; yet the ark and the figures intended to represent Noah and the Almighty are scarcely discernible; while the foreground is filled with the anachronism of Turkey carpets and knightly armour in piles.

## THE MAYORALTY-HOUSE COLLECTION.

No. 11. 'Portrait of the Earl of Northumberland, 1765,' SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A very fine full-length specimen of this distinguished artist, in a disgraceful condition. The pose of the figure and expression are eminently dignified and graceful; the complexion rather faded, but the draperies and details very perfect, and beautifully and elaborately finished. This is a great work, and deserves better care and treatment.

## THE UNIVERSITY COLLECTION.

Nos. 43 and 44. 'Landscape and Figures,' SALVATOR ROSA. Spirited and genuine small studies by this master.

No. 51. 'The Wise Men's Offering,' PARMIGIANO. A misnomer. It is neither of the master mentioned, nor even of the school. It is a pleasing, well-executed small work by some Flemish artist. The University must revise their catalogue.

Nos. 134 and 135. 'Adam and Eve in Paradise,' and 'The Expulsion,' Two very clever pastiches by D. TENNERS, in the manner of Bassan.

No. 168. 'Queen Elizabeth,' ZUCCHERO. A fine characteristic portrait of their foundress; greatly in want of a coat of varnish, otherwise in good preservation.

No. 179. 'Virgin and Child,' GUIDO. This is a charming work, in a ruinous and shameful state of neglect. We suppose it was to save the blushes of the College authorities that the merciful Committee put it under the stairs.

No. 196. 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' CIGNANI. A pleasing composition, in good order. This is the first time we have heard that the University of Dublin had any pictures beyond the large full-length portraits with which its halls are furnished. Where are they kept? This Institution is taking such a lead in literature and science—it has given such a strong symptom of going with the times in its encouragement to the study of music, the modern languages, civil engineering, political economy, &c.—that we ardently look forward to the Fine Arts as a means of mental culture not being overlooked.

## THE UNDER-SECRETARY'S LODGE.

No. 69. 'The Pleasant Whiff,' ZONG. A very clever interior: a boor, who appears ready to emit a goodly cloud of smoke, is sitting in a boastful attitude, relating some lying adventure, which a person, kept by his companions in the background, appears ready to contradict and expose. Clearly and well painted, and in good order.

No. 163. 'Boy Blowing Bubbles,' and No. 231, 'Head of a Warrior,' both by REMBRANDT, are both very fine. We understand these, with about half-a-dozen other works of good quality, were left very many years ago by some Lord Lieutenant or public functionary, and never since claimed; they are now national property by lapse of time and want of a proper owner turning up.

## THE MARQUIS OF DROGHEDA.

No. 164. 'Head of an Old Woman,' REMBRANDT. One of this master's most forcible portraits, seemingly dashed off at a single sitting; the impasto laid on as if with the



palette-knife, in flakes, and slightly rubbed together by a brush. At a short distance it appears not wanting in the minutest details of finish, or correctness of drawing. In its way this is a gem; and we are glad the Committee have been able to place it where its peculiarities of style and touch can be so well seen and studied.

No. 169. 'Landscape,' DECKER. A crisp, clear, and fine specimen of this artist, placing him not very far from his master Ruysdael in tone and finish.

No. 198. 'Holy Family,' RUBENS. This might have been originally a good picture; it is so dreadfully repainted, and, as it would appear, recently got up at more expense than good judgment, that we would scarce recognise the touch of the master. The head of the child is almost the only part that has escaped renovation.

#### THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

No. 18. 'Venus Instructing Cupid,' Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. This well-known and charming composition is in fine order. The Goddess of Love reclines on a cloud; Cupid stands, pouting and sulky, beside her. She is showing him an arrow, while an arch-looking imp, also of the Cupid tribe, is thrown into shadow admirably in the background. The finest effects of light and shade appear produced in this picture by the simplest means. The drawing is, in parts, very faulty.

No. 19. 'Cesar Borgia' (so called), TITIAN. Although there can be no doubt that Titian painted this picture, we leave antiquarians to settle if Titian could have painted 'Cesar Borgia.' Little is seen in this fine work except the head, or rather the face; this is most expressive, characteristic, and powerfully painted. All the remainder, with the exception of the hilt of the sword or a glistening of a chain, is thrown into the darkest shadow. The paltry frame on which this noble portrait is set injures its effect very much.

No. 59. 'St. Peter,' VANDYKE. A powerful study and fine specimen of this master. The Saint is represented in an unusual manner—looking down, angry and gloomy, leaning on a sword. We suppose the time indicated was during the reproof of the Saviour, "Put up thy sword," &c.

No. 80. 'Judas returning the Thirty Pieces of Silver to the High Priests,' REMBRANDT. A great work, view it in any sense—whether as a most magical conveyance of light and shade, or as telling its dreadful history in the most impassioned and expressive terms: for a figure denoting degradation and remorse, nothing can exceed that given by the painter to Judas, while hypocrisy and disgust, mingled with pride, are admirably depicted in the faces and action of the Sanhedrim. There is a beautifully-managed passage, where a priest appears in the background, with an attendant, ascending to the council-chamber, so admirably subdued that it is only as the eye gets familiar with the picture by degrees, as in nature, matters of more detail become noticed. With the appearance of the richest and greatest variety of colour, there is little beyond rich browns and greys. Perhaps the handling and general manner come nearer Solomon de Koning, Rembrandt's greatest pupil, than Rembrandt himself. Be this as it may, we conclude by what we commenced—it is a great work, and well deserving of the place of honour it holds in the present collection.

No. 118. 'The Harlot's Progress,' HOGARTH. This is the subject of the third plate in this admirable series, and is in fine order; it is interesting, as many of its details vary from the published plates. The action of the lady is very fine: you almost hear the snap of her fingers as she kicks over the tea-table. In the published plates the monkey is made escaping from the fall of the crockery—here he is seated on an adjoining dressing-table, quiescent.

Nos. 223 and 224. Landscapes and figures, ZUCCARELLI. Tasteful and pleasingly-treated specimens of this master; the figures well introduced. One being groups of peasants; the other, Diana and her attendant nymphs.

We cannot take leave of these specimens of this nobleman's collection without congratulating the country on their safe retention and good keeping—above all, for the truly liberal spirit and high-mindedness with which they have always been made available to the services of Art. The present Peer, we believe, has not added any work of importance or value to his distinguished father's acquisitions; he has, however, kept them well, and that in no selfish manner, like one or two of his contemporaries, *liberals* only in name.

#### THE EARL OF ARRAN.

No. 96. 'Louis XIV.,' VAN DER WERF. An exquisitely-painted piece of affectation; nothing can exceed the wig, armour, or the rich satin mantle, except the absurdity of the battle scene in which they are made to figure: it is a clear, nice specimen of the artist, as well as of his times.

No. 155. 'Lady with Fan,' A good rich specimen of FREDERICK BOL's portrait style.

No. 198. 'George III.,' as a young man, GAINSBOROUGH.

The slight bit of landscape dashed in at one side speaks the artist; only for this the portrait, although evidently a strong likeness, is commonplace enough, with its red coat and cocked hat.

#### EARL OF MILTOWN.

No. 15. 'Madonna de St. George,' a fine old-school copy of the celebrated original by CORREGGIO at Dresden.

No. 36. 'Colosseum and Ruins at Rome,' a beautiful specimen of PANNINI.

No. 92. 'Campo Vaccino, Rome,' CLAUDE LORRAINE. One of the numerous repetitions of this early and apparently favourite subject by this artist.

Nos. 94 and 99. Two very pretty and clever 'Fêtes Champêtres,' by WATTEAU.

With No. 161, 'Holy Family,' N. POUSSIN, and No. 175, 'Melager and Atalanta,' RUBENS, we were disappointed.

Nos. 187 and 193, 'Seaports,' are pure and beautiful specimens of JOSEPH VERNET.

#### VISCOUNT HARBERTON.

No. 8. 'Christ sinking under his Cross,' GIORGIONE. A magnificent picture as to colour; it kills everything round it; yet we question its being rightly named. PORDENONE would be nearer the mark; but a very high-class picture for the latter.

No. 14. 'The Flute-player,' VALENTINO. A single figure, in a rich fancy costume. A very admirable specimen of this celebrated pupil of the Caravaggio school. Nothing can be more brilliant in colour and correct in texture and design.

No. 21. 'The Last Supper,' TINTORETTO. A noble work; full of the beauties and faults of the Venetian school.

No. 29. 'Diana and her Nymphs hastening to the Chase,' TITIAN. One of the finest works in the exhibition, and perhaps, of its master, in Ireland. The face of the principal figure, the Goddess, is turned away from the spectator, and a fine foreshortening of the shoulder and bust presented. The Nymphs are pointing out the game, while Diana is represented as drawing an arrow from her quiver. Some dogs in front add much to the rush or action of the picture; there is a fine rich tone over the whole work, and it is altogether in fine preservation.

No. 41. 'The Jealous Lord,' by the same master, is in his early "Bellini" manner: wanting in depth and richness, but expressive; the story being well told. A fair dame is remonstrating with her suspicious lord and master, who lays his hand on his sword, while a rival, behind, appears rather to enjoy the embarrassment he has caused.

No. 28. Is a good landscape by WYNANTS. Figures, as if returning from the chase, being admirably inserted by LINGEBACH.

No. 64. 'Family Reception—Presentation of Flowers,' and No. 70, 'Cavaliers Refreshing—a Health to the Lady,' are two splendid companion pictures by DE HOOCH: perhaps as fine examples of this master's highly-finished style as could be found in any collection. Nothing can exceed the representation of the various textures of satin, armour, cut velvet, &c., or the exquisite management of the light and shade, especially in the last-mentioned work.

No. 65. 'Hustle Cap,' and No. 68, 'Lighting the Pipe,' Flemish interiors, by D. TENIERS, jun., are two gems by this distinguished master.

We are obliged, by the little galaxy of Teniers and his school just at this part of the Gallery, to break out of our line of proceeding, and, leaving Lord Harborton's pictures for a short time, notice two belonging to others:—

No. 67. 'A Flemish Merry-making,' D. TENIERS, jun., the property of Mr. B. Watkins,—a landscape and figures,—is a very charming specimen, harmoniously coloured and full of character and spirit; it is in fine order.

No. 66. 'The Flemish Recruit,' SACHTLEVEN. The property of W. Jenkins, Esq. A boor is showing, with a long alo-glass, his first parade exercise to his admiring father and mother. The tone is, perhaps, too sombre and grey, but there is a fine harmony pervading it, and much humour; it forms a pendant to the Interior by Zorg, which we have before noticed in the Under-Secretary's collection.

We return again to Lord Harborton's pictures:—

No. 121. 'A Shepherd tending his Flock,' D. TENIERS, sen. A capital example: the herd is driving down a heifer that has mounted a knoll; there is absolute motion in the animal; some well-coloured sheep are in the foreground.

No. 129. 'Landscape, Cattle and Figures,' BERGHEM. A rich effect of sunset.

No. 162. 'A Brisk Gale,' BACKHUYSEN. A spirited work in its way; but not of this master, we should say.

No. 176. 'Cavaliers refreshing,' VAN HART. An attractive and pleasing interior; the light streaming from

the window appears actual. The colouring appears thin and poor in parts, but as a whole it is a beautiful work.

We cannot leave Lord Harborton's collection—of which we understand the above are but an average sample—without congratulating the country on its possession in the hands of a proprietor so ready and willing to extend the privilege of their enjoyment to the public, and its profitability to the artists and students, by every means in his power. It may, perhaps, confirm our opinion of the value of these works to mention that this collection was formed for an ancestor of the present Peer by the celebrated Desenfans, who, with Sir Francis Bourgeois, formed the Dulwich Gallery.

#### VISCOUNT GORT.

No. 16. 'The "Caserta" Magdalen,' RAPHAEL MENGES. One of the finest and purest works we have ever seen from this much over-praised and much over-abused master. It appears by the appendix to have acquired its name from having been painted for the Caserta Palace for the King of Naples. It was subsequently presented by him to the Empress Josephine, and obtained at the sale at Malmaison by Lord Gort, who brought it to Ireland during the last revolution. The colouring is rich, and the expression elevated.

#### LORD TALBOT DE MALAHIDE.

No. 13. 'Portraits of James Duke of York, subsequently James II., and his Consort Anne Hyde, Daughter of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon,' Sir PETER LELY. Almost worthy of Vandyke, while the landscape effects in the background are Titianesque. The hands are beautiful, perfect both as to drawing and colour.

No. 117. 'Landscape and Ruins,' ROBBEMA. Unlike, in size or character, any work we have heard or seen attributed to this master. It is, however, a noble landscape, and looked particularly well when lit up with the warm sunshine effect under which we viewed it.

No. 149, 'A Gale,' and No. 151, 'A Calm,' are good small-sized sea-pieces by the elder VAN DER VELDE.

Nos. 181 and 185 are two fine portraits, bust size, of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, by VANDYKE.

#### LORD WALTER BUTLER.

No. 238. 'Portrait,' F. POURBUS, jun. A head of a young girl, with ruff and other decorations; highly finished and pleasingly coloured.

#### HON. AND REV. DEAN MAUDE.

No. 30. 'Italian Landscape—Lake and Ruins,' WILSON. This is called the "Gaudon" Wilson, from having been painted for that eminent architect, from whose family the Dean procured it. It is bold and effective, full of air and poetry. A little common cleaning and a coat of varnish would do it no harm.

#### HON. COL. SMYTH VEREKER.

Nos. 119 and 122. 'Landscape and Figures,' FERGUSON. Two as beautiful little pictures as we have ever seen of this master—pure in tone and highly finished.

No. 157. 'Magdalen,' A. CARACCI. A small subject, effectively treated. This has been engraved.

No. 139. 'Portrait of a Lady,' Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Smaller than Sir Joshua's portraits usually are; conceived with great delicacy, and correctly finished.

#### SIR COMPTON DOMVILLE, BART.

No. 23. 'Head of Christ,' CARAVAGGIO. This appears either a study, or cut out of a large picture; it is very expressive.

No. 61. Apollo and Diana destroying the Children of Niobe, ANNIBAL CARACCI. A finished small design, full of spirit and action, and well coloured.

No. 131. 'A Ruined Temple,' MARCO RICCI. A clear and well-designed architectural study: nothing can be better than the toning of the weather-stained marbles and broken sculpture.

No. 188. 'David with the Head of Goliath,' SPANI. The Jewish maidens are represented meeting the young conqueror returning in triumph; the figures are life-size. As an instance of this artist's wandering from the school of his old masters, the Caracci, and his junction of his new one, Caravaggio, this work is highly interesting. It has also the peculiar quaintness or archness of expression for which he was remarkable.

No. 156. 'The Crucifixion,' L. CARACCI, and No. 218, 'Assumption of the Virgin,' GUIDO, are both well deserving of notice, and in a high style of Art.

#### SIR JAMES DOMBRAIN, B.N.

No. 115. 'The Queen of Sheba embarking,' ELISHA SUTHERLAND. A small miniature-sized picture, but containing all the expression and force of a life-size study: it is well composed and finely coloured. This gentleman contributes several other works, but none of any particular importance or mark.



## RIGHT HON. JUDGE BALL.

No. 40. 'Landscape and Cattle,' A. CUYR. This, we believe, is commonly known in Ireland as the Harrington Cuyr, and is said to have cost that extraordinary collector, Mr. Harrington, who stopped at nothing, from a whole to a teapot, £1700. It is of large dimensions. A group of cows and sheep are in the foreground, and a milkmaid is approaching. In the middle distance are some horses, and peasants carting hay, with a village and farm-dwellings in the distance. This portion of the picture reminds one of Van Goyen rather than Cuyr; but the fine sunny effect on the cattle and foreground there is no mistaking. The picture appears to have been originally half the present size; all the upper-sky portion has been very effectively added.

We are here tempted again to break bounds, and notice two other very fine specimens of this eminent master in this collection; indeed, these three pictures would form in themselves an exhibition, and be well worth going a distance to see:—

No. 25. 'Landscape, Cattle, and Figures,' A. CUYR, belonging to John Latouche, Esq., of Harriestown, county Kildare. This is commonly known as the Harriestown Cuyr, and considered the finest of its class in Ireland; indeed there are few specimens of the masters that would compete with it in any collection anywhere, and it is said to have come into the Latouche family, as part of a marriage-portion with a Dutch heiress. In the foreground is a country girl milking a cow—a large yellowish dun animal, of no great symmetry or beauty, but wonderfully effective as to truth of colour; a young man of a superior class stands conversing with the buxom milker. In the middle distance are groups of cattle admirably disposed; one black cow, in particular, stands out in bold relief against a shining river, and the extreme distance fades away in intense light. The near landscape is diversified by a picturesque old ruin. The whole is redolent of Nature, air, and sunshine. To price a work which, as an heirloom, cannot be sold, is useless, but it is said an English dealer offered £2000 and upwards for this chef-d'œuvre, to make money of it, of course, afterwards.

No. 33. 'Landscape and Cattle,' A. CUYR. The property of Mrs. West, widow of the late distinguished Irish barrister, and member for the city of Dublin, who purchased it from the Whaley collection at £700. This work is much smaller than the other two, and not of so much pretension as to distinctive features; but still most effective and charming as a general composition. A herd with cattle in the foreground, some travellers on horseback in the middle distance, and a town and river view closing the horizon; a fine bright haze pervades the atmosphere, and harmonizes the whole work.

With such a "bonne bouche" as these three fine CUYRS, we must close our observations for the present; hoping to return to the other collections represented in this highly gratifying exhibition. It is too good an opportunity—having them thus, as it were, ready arranged for our inspection—not to be seized with avidity. We have hitherto been altogether treating of English collections: such an Exhibition as this—got up in three weeks, and in so restricted a space—makes us almost resolve to search this terra incognita of Art more in detail for ourselves, and record the results.

SHEFFIELD.—The "Museum of Art Committee" have made their Report to the Town Council of Sheffield. It states that—

"In a town like Sheffield, where a knowledge of drawing and design is essential in several, and useful in most, of the staple trades, it must be obvious to every one that such an Institution, to which all classes (particularly workmen and mechanics) might resort, would be of incalculable advantage in elevating, improving, and, to a certain extent, creating, public taste; and placing within the reach of thousands—who would otherwise be debarred therefrom—the means of contemplating and studying the beautiful and finished productions of ancient and modern Art. Impressed, therefore, with a firm conviction that the establishment of a Museum of Art would be productive of great and permanent good to the town, we have no hesitation in recommending the Council to comply with the various memorials presented to it, and carry into operation, as speedily as practicable, the powers of the recent Act of Parliament, and with that view to appoint a Committee for the purpose of selecting a proper site, and obtaining the necessary plans and estimates."

Sheffield has thus given a noble example to the other manufacturing towns of the kingdom. We believe these "Museums of Art" are destined to be of incalculable service to the progress of manufactures; that they may, and will, be sources of Art-education, where knowledge rightly directed will largely increase individual and national wealth. We believe that within the last three or four years a marked advance has been made by Sheffield: its great rival, Birmingham, will find it necessary to be astir.

## OBITUARY.

## MR. WILLIAM STAMP.

WILLIAM STAMP, the son of William Stamp, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, pawnbroker, was born in Piper's-entry, Newgate-street, in that town, on the 6th of February, 1819; and, after attending the school of Mr. John Bruce for some years, soon exhibited so decided a taste for carving and modelling that his father was induced to place him with Robert Sadler Scott, a clever carver, of the same town. His genius was not content with carving figure-heads, panels, doors, scrolls, frames, furniture, and the like, but exhibited itself in a manner at once indicative of originality of thought. Finding his master's round of employ (though he knew it to be highly necessary for the development of his powers) somewhat of an irksome nature—inasmuch as it did not afford him sufficient scope for his particular taste—he, at every leisure moment, put his hand to the carving of a small naked figure, which he completed before he had been a year under his master's tuition. This figure is in the possession of his widow; and, though executed under every disadvantage, is a most estimable little work.

Early successes induced still further attempts, and, while exhibiting a great distaste for ordinary carving, he made sure progress in an art which, even at this early age, it was his ardent wish to elevate to something like its ancient rank.

On the completion of his term, he left for London, and found employ in the workshop of a cabinet-maker; but, after a stay of about a year and a half, returned to Newcastle to attend the funeral of his father. On his again visiting London, he applied at another house, and found immediate employ on showing a recumbent Cupid, after Flamingo, which he had carved during his absence. Two years after, he finally left London, full of the idea which had influenced him throughout life—the elevation of his art. He returned to Newcastle, and occupied himself in carving small whole-length figures of 'Don Quixote' and 'Sir John Falstaff,' seated in niches, and surrounded with suitable accessories. It so happened that there was an exhibition of pictures open at the time, and, readily obtaining a place for his 'Don Quixote,' he awaited with no little anxiety the expression of public opinion respecting a species of Art which the inhabitants had not before seen exhibited—which, in fact, was altogether new to them. Indeed he not unfrequently visited the room in order to obtain an idea of the estimation in which his production was held, and had the satisfaction to observe that it attracted a very great share of attention. One day he was visited, at his house in Silver-street (where he was then living with his mother), by an old gentleman who had seen and admired his effort, and sought its purchase. To this, Stamp would not consent; and, while he executed a copy for his first patron, retained the original; and, when he opened a workshop in a damp shed in Northumberland-court, hung it up beside him, where it remained for a considerable period: it is now in the possession of Dennis Embleton, M.D. His next great effort was a series of heads embodying some of the principal characters in Shakspeare. These were first exhibited at the Scottish Academy, in Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1843, where they excited considerable attention, and led to his being employed as the designer and carver of the frame which was especially intended for the print of Duncan's 'Prince Charles entering Edinburgh,'—a work which has received great commendation throughout the kingdom. His task it was, too, to produce the electrotype moulds, so that he was at once the producer and multiplier of his design. Many a weary day has he spent in this troublesome and tedious operation, assisted by a faithful friend, who early saw and respected his superior talent; but Stamp, vexed and annoyed with repeated failures, often wished this part of his work had never been committed to him. Meanwhile his Shakspeare heads were sent to London, and while one of the series, 'Falstaff,' was purchased by Benjamin Hawes, Esq., M.P., his talent attracted the attention of C. H. Wilson, Esq., the Director of the School of Design at Somerset House, who, contemplating the formation of a class for carving and modelling in the school, wrote to Stamp, ac-

\* The whole are now in the possession of Lord Wharncliffe.

quainting him with his ideas, and requiring to know whether he would accept the situation of master to such a school, should it be established. This, however, was never brought into operation; but, on the recommendation of Mr. Wilson, he attempted a still higher branch of the art, in the shape of a female saint from Raffaele, and one from Albert Durer, which was purchased by Benj. Hawes, Esq., and Mr. Brunell, his brother-in-law. These were seen by many of the private friends of these gentlemen, and established him still higher in public estimation; but while engaged in preparing a frame for the companion print of 'Charles in Edinburgh'—'Charles in Adversity'—he was suddenly taken ill of a consumptive disease, which arose from exposure and cold, caught during his exertions in electrotyping and the dampness of his workshop, which from the first was never calculated for the purpose to which it was applied. After a lingering confinement of nine months, he expired in Stepney-terrace, whither he had removed for change of air, on the 6th of June, 1846, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was buried in Westgate Cemetery, in his father's burial-place. He left a widow and an only son, then little more than a year old.

[While in Newcastle, about three years ago, we had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Stamp, in the damp and miserable shed which he had converted into a studio; we had previously seen and admired his beautiful carvings at the King-street Exhibition, of the Royal Commission; they were works of excellence, unapproached in this country, and might vie with some of the most exquisite productions of ancient Art. We deeply regret to learn that this accomplished artist and amiable and estimable person has left his wife and child to struggle with severe pecuniary embarrassments, and in circumstances it would be weak to call "narrow."]

## J. J. GRANDVILLE.

This excellent artist, so well known in France by his clever designs for illustrated works, died in the lunatic asylum of Vanves, on the 17th of March.

He was born at Nancy about the year 1804; and received from his father, a miniature-painter, his first instruction in drawing. At the age of seventeen he went to Paris for the purpose of improvement, as well as to endeavour to earn a livelihood. Here he frequented, for some time, the studio of Mansion and d'Hippolyte Lecomte, both miniature-painters; but this branch of Art appeared little suited to the taste and genius of Grandville, who was too original to follow in the steps of any master, or to take rank in any school. He therefore relinquished his pencils and colours, and adopted the crayon. His first essays in lithography are entitled "Les Tribulations de la Petite Propriété," "Les Plaisirs de tout Age," "La Sibylle des Salons," &c.,—works exhibiting much refinement and delicacy, and bringing to the artist no inconsiderable amount of popularity. His next publication was "Les Métamorphoses du Jour," consisting of sixty scenes, in which he caricatured the vices of the age in a most masterly and effective manner.

From this time the designs of Grandville were much sought after by the editors and conductors of periodical works; and he consequently became a diligent contributor to "La Silhouette," "L'Artiste," "La Caricature," and "Le Charivari." From journals he proceeded to books, and executed a vast number of designs to illustrate the Fables of Fontaine, Marmontel's "Florian," "The Songs of Béranger," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robinson Crusoe," and, latterly, "Jérôme Paturot." Urged by a restless and unsatiated imagination, he at length began to publish for himself some illustrated works; among others, "Les Scènes de la Vie privée des Animaux," "Les Cent Proverbes," "Les Petites Misères de la Vie," "L'autre Monde," and "Les Fleurs Animées." Amid all these labours, he still entertained a strong desire to resume his painting; but his limited means, the cares of a family, and even his own enthusiasm, prevented his applying himself with that patient industry and perseverance necessary to the production of a high work of Art: it was, therefore, never attempted. In 1842, Grandville lost his first wife, the companion of many years of doubt and difficulty, and about the same period the two children she had by him; and, although



## PORTRAITS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

## No. 3.—DANIEL MACLISE.

In the year 1820 it was our fortune to reside in Cork. Entering, one day, the hall of the Society of Arts, whose few models had been then recently augmented by a gift from George IV., we noticed a handsome and intelligent-looking boy drawing from one of the casts; we conversed with him, examined his copy, and observed, "My little friend, if you work hard and think, you will be a great man one of these days." In the year 1828, when this child had become almost a man, we encountered him in London, with a portfolio under his arm; he had become an artist, and was drawing portraits for any who sought his aid, and at such prices as content young men distrustful of their own powers, and who have merely dreamed of fame. Twenty-six years after our first meeting with Daniel Maclise, it is our lot to render homage to his genius; to class him among the foremost painters of the age; and to register the fulfilment of our own prophecy of a quarter of a century ago. Such happy incidents are of rare occurrence: we may be pardoned for referring to the circumstance with infinite pleasure and with some degree of pride.

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork, on the 25th of January, 1811; he is, however, of Scottish descent; his grandfather, Daniel Macleish, being a veritable Highlander—one of three brothers, mill-owners, living near Callender, in Perthshire. He joined the famous Highland Watch, and afterwards the 42nd Regiment, with which he served in Flanders, and was wounded at Fontenoy, fighting with the Duke of Cumberland, while his brothers were serving at home with "Prince Charley." His son—the father of Maclise, also Scottish born—had an ensigncy in the Elgin Fencibles, and went with his regiment into Ireland, in 1798; while quartered in Cork, he married into the CLEAR family—eminent merchants in that city—retired from the army, and entered into a business new to him; as may be expected, his avocations were unprosperous. It has been the high privilege of Daniel Maclise, by genius, industry, and principles, honourable to his heart as well as to his mind, to restore the fallen fortunes of his family. One of his brothers is a surgeon, practising in London; another is an officer in the 90th Foot; and his father is the honoured guest of his accomplished and universally-honoured son.

Soon after his arrival in London, he became a student of the Royal Academy; labouring with wonderful industry, zeal, and perseverance; during his course of study, he received all the medals—including the gold medal—for which he competed; receiving from Sir Martin Archer Shee the first medal he awarded, and from Sir Thomas Lawrence the last he bestowed.

In 1833, Maclise exhibited his first picture—"Mokanna unveiling her Features to Zelica"—at the British Institution; and it was somewhat singular that on the day it was received, the late Mr. Seguer called upon us, to ask if we had any knowledge of a young artist of that name, who had sent to the gallery a work of wonderful merit. From the day of the private view, the fame of Maclise became established: he "painted faces" no longer. In 1835, the Royal Academy elected him an associate, on his exhibiting 'The Vow of the Peacock'; and in 1841, he was promoted to full academic honours: honours of which no artist of our age has been more worthy.

It is not our purpose here to enter upon a criticism of the works of this accomplished painter—a leading glory of the British School, and whose fame has been extended throughout Europe. As may be supposed, in one who has laboured in youth and health, and whose popularity has followed, his works are numerous; the public is sufficiently familiar with their style and character; a man of genius, in the best and highest sense—few men are more esteemed and respected; and among his fast friends, the friends with whom he is most familiar, may be mentioned the leading men of letters of the age and country. Maclise has the advantage—never a trifling one in any profession—of a fine person; he is tall, and although, it may be, not quite so handsome as he was when—twenty-six years ago—we shook his small hand, augured his future glory, and bade "God prosper him," there are not many who, at first sight, present more effective letters of recommendation.

## No. 4.—WILLIAM POWELL FRITH.

Mr. FRITH was born at Studley, in Yorkshire, in 1819; his father, although not an artist, was passionately fond of Art, and encouraged in his son the earliest indications of a disposition to copy the prints and pictures so continually in his sight. His career in Art was therefore prepared for him, and his pathway made smooth and easy to the reputation he has since achieved; his studies were consequently unaccompanied by those difficulties and struggles which too frequently trammel genius at the outset in life; the young painter was lured into Art; the prospect of his arriving at excellence was the dearest hope of his father; unhappily (dying in 1830) he did not live to witness the well-earned fame of his son. In 1835, Mr. Frith was placed in the school of Mr. Sass, whose "academy" was a serviceable auxiliary to students, although its "means and appliances" were comparatively limited. During the three years that followed his entrance, Mr. Frith studied and laboured, but made no attempt to paint; he did not, as some less considerate persons do, attempt to teach before he had learned. Although in the British Institution, in 1839, there was a small painting—a head of one of Mr. Sass's children—by Mr. Frith, it may be said that his earliest exhibited work was at the Society of British Artists in 1840; the subject was from Scott's story of "The Heart of Mid Lothian," and described Jenny Deans and Madge Wildfire entering the village church. It attracted considerable attention; and appeared rich in the promise that has been since fulfilled.\*

The year afterwards he painted a scene from "Kenilworth," "Leicester and his Countess Amy,"—seen by few, inasmuch as it stood at the top of the miniature-room in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. We find, however, and with some degree of pride and satisfaction, that its merits did not escape us: we spoke of the painter in our criticism of that year as "destined to attract greater notice hereafter: inasmuch as he has the right feeling for Art; thinks before he begins to work; and works as if conscious that his fate depends on the result of his labour." In 1842 his picture from "The Vicar of Wakefield"—the scene in which Olivia and the young rake measure heights, at the request of Mrs. Primrose—was universally classed among the happiest efforts of younger British artists. It was purchased (as one of the prizes of the Art-Union of London) by Zouch Troughton, Esq., author of the tragedy of "Nina Sforza," and went far to increase a reputation, established in 1843, by his production of 'The Dinner to Falstaff,' from "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The more recent works of Mr. Frith are sufficiently known. He has been continually improving; his latest production has been always his best; and in 1845 his merits were acknowledged by the Royal Academy, who elected him an Associate.

Among our younger artists (for he is yet by no means in his prime, and far loftier efforts may be expected from him), Mr. Frith holds a prominent place. He is one of those upon whom will rest hereafter the responsibility and the glory of upholding British Art. In his style he is essentially English: his subjects are selected from our English books (perhaps his range may be too limited); he excels in colouring; he is more graceful than forcible; and seeks rather to produce pleasure than to excite wonder by his works.

It is more than satisfactory to know that among the younger members of our British school there are many who are destined to adorn it; whose studies have been rightly directed; and who, as gentlemen as well as artists, occupy eminent positions, and excite universal respect. There are few whose characters stand higher in both respects than Mr. Frith.

\* On looking back into the volume of the ART-UNION Journal for 1840, we find, with no inconsiderable pleasure, that our then opinion of Mr. Frith was thus recorded:—"W. P. Frith contributes works of considerable ability. His hand must become firmer, and his touch more decided: he will naturally grow bolder as he feels his way. But his mind is evidently of a high order: his conceptions are all good; and not the less so because a poetic feeling has influenced his thoughts. He is, we imagine, a close observer, and an attentive student in the best of all schools—that of Nature."

he married a second time, these family bereavements affected so strongly his spirits as to plunge him into the most distressing state of despondency; simple, ingenuous, warm-hearted, he was unable to meet with stoical indifference the inroads which death had made upon his domestic happiness. He still, however, laboured at his vocation, till within a short period of his death; a few weeks prior to which event he had suffered from an affection of the throat; this had yielded to the care of his medical attendants; but, symptoms of insanity appearing, he was removed to the above-mentioned asylum, where he expired after a short period of intense agony.

The talent of Grandville was of no ordinary character: his imagination was active; his powers of observation, acute; his satire, keen and effective; his designs express far more than can be seen and comprehended at a single glance; for there is not one, however frivolous and heedlessly executed it may appear at first sight, which has not in it the elements of genius, and was not studied and executed with a determination to give to the subject the perfection and utmost importance it would admit of. Many of his works, such as his "L'autre Monde," "La Flore Humaine," and his "Fleurs Animées," are full of eccentricity, yet highly poetical; they evince that peculiar construction of mind which too plainly foreshadowed his melancholy end.

## M. WICKENBERG.

A young artist of promise has just paid the debt of nature: M. Wickenberg, born in Sweden, in 1812. He came to Paris in 1837, where he met with considerable success. His pictures consist principally of winter scenes, which he depicted with great truth. One of his best paintings is in the Luxembourg Gallery. He exhibited in 1838 a study of 'Cows—Winter Scene,' and has contributed annually to the exhibitions until last year, when he was carried off by consumption, on the 19th of December. His friends have made a subscription to erect a tomb to his memory.

## PICTURE SALES OF THE MONTH.

THERE has been no relaxation of activity, since our last number, in the picture auctions: a few private collections of "mistakes" have been sold, and some others are advertised. The only sales of any consequence to occur during the season will be the ancient Italian pictures of the late E. Solly, Esq., and the collection of the late J. P. Anderson, Esq., of Farley-hall; 17th of them are announced for dispersion in the month of May.

The very choice and valuable (so say Messrs. Christie and Manson on the title of the catalogue) cabinet pictures of the late G. Morant, Esq., of Wimpole-street, occupied three entire days to sell—there being no fewer than 345 lots, of which 235 were of pictures. The deceased gentleman mixed in the most intellectual society connected with the Arts, and was always looked up to as conferring a kind of authority in the artistic associations to which he was so many years actively devoted. Therefore it is matter of surprise to find among so extensive a gathering as 235 subjects not a single good picture of any ancient master of value, and scarcely one that had pretensions to originality by the painter to whom it was imputed. The modern portion were of very indifferent quality, mostly by painters of little eminence, and many of them outrageously misnamed. Two very early essays by D. Roberts, R.A., sold for 25 and 28 guineas; 'A Stable, with Cattle,' J. Ward, R.A., 36 guineas; a portrait, by Sir T. Lawrence, of Mrs. Siddons, a mere sketch, 51 guineas; and a small 'Beach Scene, with Shrimpers,' by our late favourite, W. Collins, R.A., sold for 174 guineas. These were the only pictures worth recording; the others did not average £5 each—we believe much less.

The great names of the ancient canvases dropped at three, five, and ten guineas; seven or eight brought sums under fifty; a Claude and G. Dow rose to 83 and 90 guineas. Messrs. Christie and Co. are absolved from the odium of falsely baptizing rubbish, in this instance, with the cognomens of painters, the deceased gentleman having the names legibly painted on the frames; but they had the cruel irony to reflect on the memory of the departed by printing on the catalogue that the collection was formed with great judgment and taste! In officiating, Mr. Manson had the excellent tact to steer clear of untrue panegyric, by observing that it was an agreeable subject, pleasing colour where the surface permitted, &c.; and in offering the "Parmegiano," with the words of the catalogue—"This very elegant work of the master is from the collection of W. Maikes, Esq."—he avoided the assertion of originality by saying "Oh! it is Parmegianesque in design, and Correggesque in colour."

We believe Mr. Morant formerly possessed some good pictures of the old school, which he sold about the year 1832.



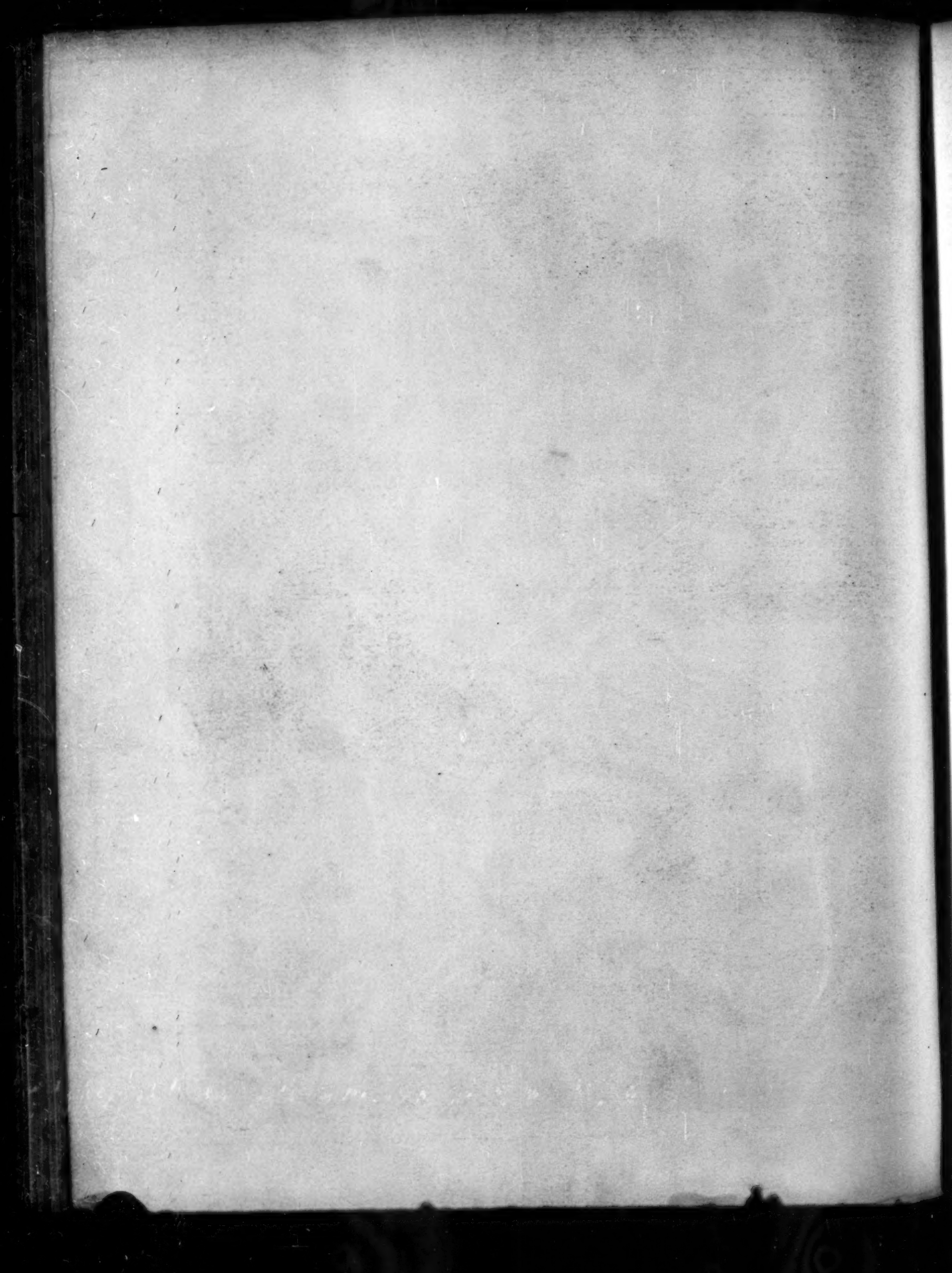


ENGRAVED BY J. SMYTH, FROM A PAINTING BY E. M. WARD, A.R.A.



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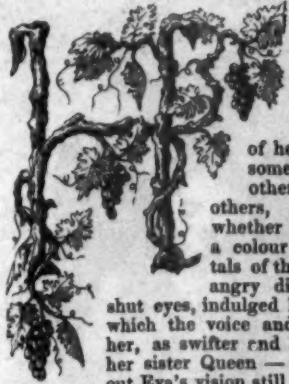






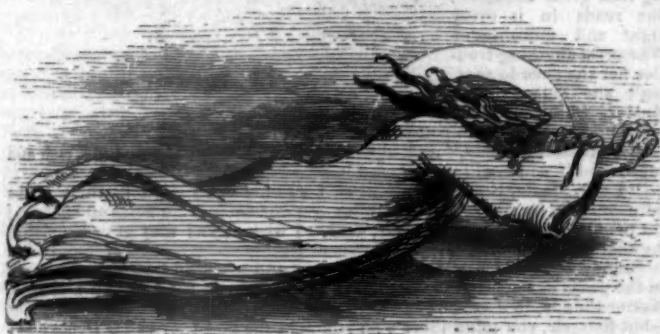
MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.  
BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART THE FIFTH.



HONEYBELL was enjoying, to the full, the luxury of a Midsummer Night, couching upon roses—while her husband—(husbands are always lovers in Fairy Land,) poured the richest gifts into her lap, and the sweetest flattery into her ear; troops of her attendants were disporting around her; some engaged in hunting the gossamer spider; others in extracting nectar from the flowers; others, again, blowing bubbles and debating whether the dew gathered from the rose produced a colour different from that shaken off the petals of the lily. Honeybell smiled at the somewhat angry discussion of her courtiers, and with half-shut eyes, indulged her mood of most luxurious laziness, from which the voice and presence of Nightstar hardly aroused her, as swifter and brighter than lightning she stood before her sister Queen—the wand with which she had wrought out Eva's vision still trembling in her hand.

"Uprouse ye!" she said—"uprouse ye, and come with me! ere the flowers we both love are polluted by human blood;—up, fair Honeybell!—there is only time to act, none to think;—but now—as I passed the bank whereon my subjects were sporting, I saw a hideous Banshee glide over earth."



"Eva is always in some fresh trouble," said Honeybell—"I thought you told me I should have nothing more to do with her."

"It is for Sidney I most fear," answered the Queen.

Honeybell was roused in a moment. "He is worthy a throne in Fairy Land!" she replied; "harm to him! up spirits of mine, up, and arm ye!"

"With all good thoughts and honest spells," interposed Nightstar.

"With weapons of all kinds," interrupted Honeybell.

"Follow in the best order you can, only follow!" exclaimed Nightstar;



and as she spoke she rose into the air, glittering like a meteor. Quicker than mortal thought ever travelled through mortal brain, did the benevolent Fairy

speed to avert mischief; and alighting on a dove that surmounted a half-ruined pavilion, which terminated the south end of the terrace at Ard-Flesk, she paused to arrange her thoughts; it was not without dismay she beheld troops of dark spirits congregated below, crowding, and crushing, and exulting; her arrival had not been noted by the ill-favoured crew; and upon looking back, she beheld with pleasure the most gallant KNIGHT OF FAIRY LAND, followed, high in the air, by the glittering banners and troops of the united kingdoms. Loud words came from out the pavilion; words loud and harsh from those whose union had been that of closest brotherhood.

"Tell me not!" said Cormac; "that you have acted in all fairness! Who poisoned my mother's mind against her only son?—Who told her of my stolen visits to the Dovecote?—Who sent her there to hear that, tutored by you, Sidney, she I loved had learned to spurn me."

"Will you hear me?" inquired Sidney, and the sweet music of his voice was tuned by truth to perfect harmony, while Cormac's passion choked his utterance; "you must have seen how coldly your mother, of late, has looked upon me; your name has never even been mentioned by me to her."

"Hints can be given without the mention of names," said Cormac.

"Not by honest minds," replied Sidney.

"Honest!" sneered Cormac—how the fiends exulted at the sneer—and how they deepened its effect!

"Heed it not!" whispered Nightstar to Sidney—"high souls care not for taunts unmerited."

"Are you a man to bear it!" croaked the councillors of Evil.

"Honest!" echoed Sidney—"Cormac, you know I am honest; though you scowl on me you know in your secret heart that I am honest; that even in this course of love, I have never worked darkly to win—"

"What you cannot, dare not, wear," interrupted Cormac, fiercely—"even you would hardly tempt Eva forth upon the world to share a beggar's portion." In the very torrent and whirlwind of strong passion, which tempted Cormac to utter these words, he felt his heart stung by sudden pain, and he would gladly have recalled them.



"Be calm and triumph," whispered Nightstar, on one side.

"Are you a man to bear it," suggested a fiend, on the other.

"I am no beggar, Cormac," replied Sidney; "and ere our lives draw to a close, my name may fill as full, as bright, as honoured, a page as yours. I feel it HERE! my heart tells me that none ever felt the power of self-reliance, pure from its divine source, refining and elevating what nature has bestowed—without assured triumph. I mean not to speak boastingly; but the time shall come when you will recall this, our last meeting; with sorrow for the injury and insult you have wrought upon me, both by word and deed."

The crawling fiends that served the Kelpie shrunk backward as he spoke, and the Fairy hosts waved their banners in exultation.

"Why need he go forth?" suggested Honeybell to Nightstar; "why should he leave this certainty of love?"

Nightstar could hardly repress the indignant smile that rose to her lips at the worldly-mindedness of her sister.

"I have written my farewell to Lady Elizabeth," continued Sidney; "after what passed to-day, I could not again meet her. Are we to part thus, Cormac?—we, whose heads rested on the same pillow; whose breathings mingled in the same prayers; who learned out of the same book?"

"Never to be forgotten by me," broke in Cormac. "You learned—often had I to suffer that reproach. Why am I cursed with wealth and station! In all things you pass me in the race of life."

"It is hardly yet begun," said Sidney.

"It may be soon ended for one or both of us," muttered Cormac, darkly;—and the very air seemed breathless.

Sidney held out his hand. "Will you not say good bye?"

Cormac gathered himself back, as a fierce dog before it springs. "Where go you from this?" he questioned.

"You need not ask," replied Sidney.

"I need, and will, sir; you pass not beneath the shadow of this porch, unless you promise that you go not there—not to Dovecote."

"I shall make no such promise," replied Sidney, roused, but by no bad passion; "and yet I will pass it for ever,"—he advanced.



"Now, strike!—be not baffled. The steel is sure—he sees it not—be not conquered. Conquered by whom? Strike! Who sees? Strike, and at once,"—suggested the fiends, who had too long been Cormac's counsellors.

"Stand back!" said Sidney; "this is child's play."

"It is man's vengeance," exclaimed Cormac, striking, with sudden fury, at his cousin; but a power stronger than his own hung upon his arm, and, missing his aim, he stumbled forward. As Sidney passed the threshold, Cormac raised his voice in a curse of such deadly import, that it was echoed by a shriek which trembled amid the trees; and then he called his cousin the name that brands a man's brow, and sinks into his heart—he called him "Coward!" The youth turned; and as he paused beneath the full beams of the queenly moon, he looked more noble than the finest Apollo that ever endowed creative sculptor with immortality.

"I go hence," he said, "wronged and insulted in many ways; but I will not go until you retract that last dark word. This scar upon my arm, won in defending you, now three years past, proves me no coward; other things recalled, might be my witnesses. I am, neither coward in act nor word; had you not been filled with sudden passion, you had not dared to lift your finger against me. Am I a coward, Cormac?" Both now stood in the open air, both in the beauty of manhood's youth; Sidney, with folded arms, remained firm and motionless; "am I a coward, Cormac?" he repeated; and his cousin shunned the light of his clear, well-opened eyes.

"No!" was the brief reply; "I wronged you there: for *that*—that only—I ask forgiveness."

Eagerly the frank and generous heart threw wide its portals at the words; before another could be spoken, he grasped Cormac's hand in his; then casting it from him as suddenly as if it had been a serpent-sting, he exclaimed, "You struck at me with *that*, Cormac!"—and he pointed to where a tell-tale beam of light showed the blade of a foreign dagger, which Sidney had withdrawn from his grasp, and cast upon the ground. "You struck at me with the dagger my father gave us when we acted plays together! It is indeed time I left this house!"

"Sidney, Sidney!" shouted Cormac, when many minutes had dropped into the passing hour, and the woods loomed between him and the moon, so that he thought he was alone with darkness; "Sidney!—but it is better he should go. Always the advantage," he muttered; "no wonder that I hate him!—and yet, when I hate him most, the knowledge of his virtues shine around me, so that I dare not look into myself. Of late I quailed before those eyes whose light was once my light—a guide in all things. For that I hated him the more;—why should he guide me? Had I been quite myself," continued the unhappy youth, "I never could have struck him with that thing that crept into my sleeve! It is the thought of Eva that drives me to this," he continued, bursting into tears;—and wilder, madder thoughts than he had known before, whirled through a brain that was really fevered by the effects of disappointment, and the strong, contending passions of an indulged and pampered nature. He cast himself upon the grass, and pillowed his burning brow upon the wet moss; then he would have risen, and followed Sidney whither he knew he went, but his limbs refused their office.

"Tarry one moment," said Nightstar to Honeybell, when the evil whisperers had crept into slime and darkness to hide their defeat, and the Fairy troops, their duty well performed, took to the air and vanished. "Tarry one moment ere you return to your revels, and give me your attention. The time is fast approaching when the love and duty I owe Eva, will call me forth in whatever shape best suits my purpose; I go with her into the world, leaving you and others of my own people to take charge, not only of my dominions, but of the thoughts and actions of the poor children of clay, who are more frequently beguiled by weakness than by sin. Look at that creature, so tortured by evil influences, that nature, outraged by their violence and torn by their results, has given way;—and see, I have appointed a watcher, to calm, to soothe, to enlighten, to seize upon the body's weakness, and become its strength. You say he may turn from the monitress. True; but her silent words will have been heard; and who can tell when they may be recalled? Never, my sister, abandon one of those erring mortals; beset as they are by temptations, we should seek to comprehend only to conquer; never resign one of them, however low or lost, to what their blinded fellow-creatures call 'their fate.'"

"You preach a fairy crusade, my fair sister, only suited for the spheres," said Honeybell.

"We must not be content with being the fable of a child," replied Nightstar, seriously, "when we can be the monitors of men—the guardians of women."



his own bed, over which Lady Elizabeth hung in most eloquent sorrow, while the fairy's invisible agent soothed the ravings of his fever.

The night was nearly spent when Sidney paused at the garden gate of the Dovecote, where Randy waited his arrival.

"You are surely not going away, Master Sidney," said the poor fellow; "all the things you told me about are up yonder—all but this great book.

Oh, Master Sidney, don't leave us, for the wicked world beyond these mountains!—don't leave us!—trouble is everywhere. I can't tell what ails Miss Eva, but she has been sitting all night at the window, and sits there still. Oh! to think of sorrow coming here, when there's so much of it due to those that never felt its chill about their hearts. Shall I tap at the window and tell Miss Eva you are here, Master Sidney?"

"Not for the world,

Randy. What I have to say to her must be said in the bright light of morning. Hope comes with its breezes and its beams! We must think and speak now as man and woman, not as girl and boy."

"Why, then, the Lord look down on the both of ye, Master Sidney, dear! Sure its wonderful how you've grown up from babbies under my very eyes, jewel!—I thought you said you'd wait till morning, sir, to speak to her."

"And so I will, Randy; but I may sit near her window."

"You can see her reading that great book, sir. She reads in it every night and morning. Whenever anything troubles her she goes to *that*. Isn't she very young, Master Sidney, to be drawing comfort out of printed books?"

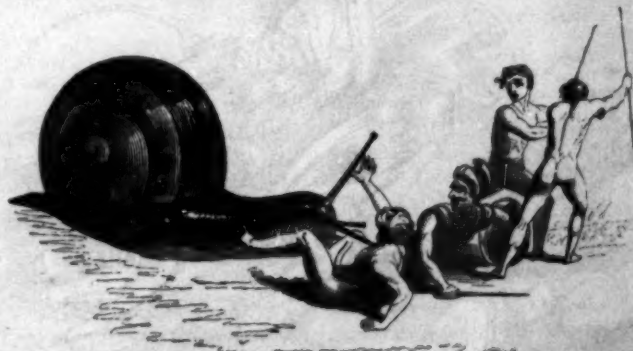
"That book, Randy," replied Sidney, "comforts young and old, rich and poor; and if you could understand it—"

"I did, Master Sidney; only when I was her age I used to think books were only fit for those that couldn't get out among the fields and flowers; but people grow wiser every year, dear. I wish, agra! they grew happier at the same time."

Sidney was indisposed for conversation, and when he had seated himself on the grass bench, Randy sank down at his feet. "I'll tell you a legend, Master Sidney, to divert you," he said. "There's a legend here, sir—how—but first, sir, you mind there's an island in the lake they call O'Donoghue's Library?"

"Is there," said Sidney.

"Now you know there is, sir,—sure you pictured it twenty times when you've been putting things down on paper; and the rocks are like books—I mean, the books are turned into rocks. Well, a very handsome young lady was thinking to herself one day, and she rowing in a boat, what a dale of learning must be in them rocky books, and how much she'd like to have the reading of them; and she turned her little cot's silken sail to the wind, which kept going round and round O'Donoghue's Library, in compliment to her,—thinking, at first, only how pretty the grey moss and the green moss, and the herbs and creeping things looked, coating the books—that's the rocks; and then the thought came into her head that the green moss, with its little blossoms of white pearl, told her a dale of the vanities as well as the freshness of youth; and the grey old moss preached her a regular sermon of wisdom, telling her tales of what it had seen, and how God's sunshine mingled with the billows of the lake, even in the stormiest weather; and how, bare as the rock was, it gave the old moss enough to live on, which the grass of the beautiful meadows would hardly believe possible; and, by'n by, the little starry-eyed snails—tiny striped things—said how pleasantly they lived within



them grate books; many a time, by the same token, have I seen them snails when they weren't altogether so comfortable; when the good people would be teasing them out of their life, of a moonshiny morning, keeping them from their drop of dew. And little wriggling worms, with tasselled horns, spoke to the lady in praise of the barren rocks; and the little fishes, and curious crawling things, boasted of the shelter and protection they afforded them; and while all this knowledge, and a dale more that I can't think of, was coming to her as sweet ledge, as music on the wind,—who should rise up on the head of the waters but





O'Donoghue himself, and putting a quiet smile on his grand old face,—‘And what are you going to pay me,’ he says, ‘for reading my books,’ he says. ‘Oh, grate king!’ makes answer the lady, ‘I have never read a line in them, but I should like to, very much.’ ‘Nonsense,’ he says, ‘begging your



beauty's pardon, but you have been reading them these two hours. Haven't you been larning of the grey and green moss, and of the starry-eyed snail, and the tasselled-horned worm, and of all the small and great creeping things, what you never knew before; turning over page after page of the book of Nature,—the finest, grandest, ancientest book that ever was shut or opened,’ says the king; and the lady bowed her head and thanked the king, and owned the pleasantest reading ever she had was in O'Donoghue's Library! He minds me,” murmured Randy, when his tale was ended, “no more than a plover's whistle,”—and the poor fellow laid down at his feet, and fell asleep.

The prospect of exerting mind and energy roused the best feelings in the heart of the noble and enterprising youth. He must, he knew, consult his father, and though he feared he had neither money nor influence to push his fortunes, yet he could reckon upon his wisdom and affection, and above all—what sons do not always meet from fathers—sympathy. He well knew he would approve his leaving a home to which he was no longer welcome. Sidney still loved his aunt more than she was ever loved before, and panted for the time, which, with the hopefulness of the young, he believed could not be far distant, when he should revive her affection for him. He had abundant plans for the future. His drawings had been frequently termed ‘Masterpieces of Art;’ and he certainly cultivated such enthusiastic acquaintance with Nature, that it added freshness and truth to his vigorous pencil, which might win him fame and gold hereafter. Love had taught him poetry; and could he doubt the excellence of his verses, when Eva wept at their pathos and exulted in their heroism. What most boys encountered as difficulties he had considered enjoyments; his mind, like an alembic, distilled perfumes from that which others thought sapless leaves; and few men at five-and-twenty had minds more fully stored than Sidney at nineteen. These varied and enviable acquirements gave him self-reliance rather than self-confidence; and—as do all, before experience teaches knowledge—he fancied the world would receive him with open arms, and help him to independence and fame. His thoughts and ambitions—exalted and purified by the love which in its purity purifies all the aspirations of man—rose far above the lofty mountains that shut in the fair valley; and, confused as they were, still certain hopes and feelings were clearly defined, though arising out of the chaos of the future. How proud he should be of Eva! No puny-freckled jealousy suggested that he should shut her within the casket of selfish love. How he should glory in the admiration she excited, knowing that the high treasure of her heart was all his own! If dark thoughts of Cormac crossed this vision, he set them aside in the belief that some sudden madness had stirred within him; and then he longed for morning to tell her how bright (poor youth!) his future was!—how they should write each other brief chronicles of each day's love and labour. And at last the morning broke—it did not come tardily—what Midsummer morning ever did?—but he thought so, and chided its delay, as the vapours climbed the hills, resting like loitering travellers on the way—now hanging on a pinnacle, and then creeping into some damp cave, until driven forth by those arrows of light, which the sun casts forth at his first rising. At last, from within Eva's chamber, he heard her voice, warbling Handel's hymn—

“How cheerful along the gay mead.”

The voice was feeble; it came sighingly forth, as if her heart went not with it. Strange that at the sound of that subdued tone, his sensitive spirit fainted—it brought to him a sense of unworthiness—a lack of strength to work out the lofty purposes wherein but a few moments before he triumphed; and he longed for her to come forth, as was her custom, to meet the morning as it descended from the mountain tops.

“Eva! Eva!” he exclaimed at length, impatiently; “Eva! all night I have watched here. I would not disturb you, though I have much to say, and little time to tarry—Eva!”

She came to the summons, not blushing, but with a sober step, and heavy anxious eyes; yet her chill and trembling hand met his with as fond a

pressure as it had ever done. “I slept last evening,” she said, “on my mother's shoulder, and saw such Midsummer visions! And then I heard your voice through the burley that succeeded;—it called ‘Eva,’ Sidney—just as you called me now. I have read and prayed, and read again; but I have never slept or slumbered since. I know that something has happened. What of Lady Elizabeth?”

“I have left her for ever.”

“And that!” exclaimed Eva, bursting into tears; “that is my fault.”

“No, Eva; nor mine. The links dropped away one by one, and at the last a single shudder set the poor captive free. I must leave you now for a brief time,” he continued, speaking rapidly: “first go to my father, and counsel with him; then—out into the world. A Talbot cannot lack station! And I will make the wealth I covet—but for you; and then, oh, Eva, we shall be so happy!”

“When you have made the wealth?” she inquired—her woman's clear-sightedness seeing beyond the extended boundary of his hopes.

“Yes, when I have made the wealth! And have we not read together of many brave adventurers on whom it poured in golden showers—of some, lacking even the advantages I possess—of name and education?”

“Yes,” she said; “we have read of its being achieved,—when the head prematurely whitened, was seeking a cold green pillow for its rest. And we have seen pictures—you yourself drew one—of Fame blowing its trump above the tombs.”

“Eva, this is not like you; you are not yourself this morning. Look out into the light, dearest! Look on the fair earth—the fairer sky; listen to the music of your own birds; they are giving you welcome. The old surly weathercock—our iron sentinel—has not creaked once! look—”

“At your bright hopeful face, Sidney, better than all my premature wisdom, as my mother sometimes calls it,” she continued, smiling her own sweet smile; “it is going fast; it is seldom more than a shadow, except,” she added, turning away her face, “when you talk of leaving this!”

“And yet it must be,” he replied; and then he spoke without reserve, as men speak to those they love and trust; and Eva, recovered from her dreams, suppressed her own regrets, and strengthened his right resolves; not, however, heightening his hopes—for her mother had told her many tales of blight and sorrow, so that even hoping with him, she feared to hope too much; until after some gentle reasoning, in which the timidity of the girl blended with the forethought of the woman, warmed by his enthusiasm, and believing in him so truly that, yielding to the delightful thought that the world must do so too, their young hearts beat in unison, and spoke out in the sunny air, as though the future was eager to do their bidding.

Sidney opened the great book Randy had carried, and enjoyed Eva's delight, as she turned over the sketches and finished drawings which had tempted him to think the world of art almost at his control.

“How glorious it will be,” she said, smiling amid the tears, that would flow at intervals, “if your father sanctions your choice, and you really become like the great painter, to whom princes and kings rendered homage! I wonder if his early drawings were as beautiful as these!—and never to tell me, Sidney, how hard you worked, and how many you had done.”

“At first,” he said, “it was only my great luxury—my amusement; but of late, I have looked to it as a means of life and fame! And now what think you of this?” he added, drawing forth a portrait.

Eva bent over it in astonishment. “As like,” she said, “as what my mirror gives—but far more lovely; is it for me?”

“No, Eva, I cannot part with both—but this is for you. I meant to have left it by your harp, to remind you when I am gone, of one who goes



forth to win what he thinks will be granted more to your prayers than to his deserts.”

She took the sketch he had made of himself.



"Do you not like it?" he said, seeing she looked upon it doubtfully.  
 "How kind—how good of you to do it for me; but it is hardly like you, dear Sidney—it has not your bright, happy, animated, yet sensitive expression: the eyes are not so full of light."

"Exactly what I think of your's, beloved Eva; it is so spiritless when you are by—so quite unworthy of you; and yet—why it is but canvas, after all!—the shadow of the substance—the memory of the reality; something to recall the words that passed between these lips; the dove-like sweetness of those eyes. Let us put them both away now."

"Nay, give me mine!" she exclaimed. "I can speak to it when you are gone—tell it my thoughts, bid it good night, and then again good morning. I shall lock it up, Sidney, and only let my mother look at it sometimes. There, stand away; ah! now it is more like—oh, yes!—your lofty brow and richly curling hair. But it will not smile upon me! I wish you had painted the smile! You leave to others to do you justice!"

"I shall be jealous of my own canvas," said the young lover; "and yet joy to think it your companion when I am gone."

Sidney tarried at the Dovecote till the day was nearly done, hearing much of what Eva's mother considered worldly wisdom; though it may be doubtful whether Geraldine had ever practised one of the sage maxims she so zealously endeavoured to impress upon his mind. Anxious as she had been, to secure Cormac the rich jewel of her daughter's love, the conduct of Lady Elizabeth, her stern bearing and determined pride, had roused her; and during that day she felt a secret pleasure in her child's love for one who had the courage to preserve his own dignity by quitting his rich and powerful relatives and looking fortune boldly in the face. The very fact that such a course received her approbation proved how little she had in common with the worldly wise. She entertained a high opinion of Sidney's talents; and her ductile nature—to the full as loving and gentle as was that of Eva, but without the higher qualities which her child inherited from her father—was not calculated to withstand the influence which their hopes and aspirations exercised, while full of youth and loveliness, they sat side by side, thinking hours minutes, and wondering how time could pass so swiftly. At length, farewells were taken; and even after the very last, Eva accompanied Sidney down the garden path, to the little gate leading on the meadows, beyond which sported the waters of the Torc.



"I ask yer pardons, darlings of my heart," said Randy, advancing to where they lingered, finding it almost impossible to separate; "I ask yer pardons; but you don't mind the ould Woodcutter any more than you would a sod o' turf—or anything dead, or senseless at yer feet—only, I want ye to part here, just in this gap, where the swallows meet when they're gathered from the four winds of heaven, to build their nests and rear their young in our own land; there's a rowan tree over yer heads to keep ye from harm; and that little stream at yer feet—small as it is—is constant in its track; it's a fine thing to see the constancy of them wonderful little things—going alone, singing, through the world; and yet keeping in the path the Almighty let them take from the first. See how thick the cuckoo sorrel grows here; the rare original shamrock it is; and the forget-me-not, that, I know, is more the flower of love than the rose; and the bog myrtle—and every sweet

flower; and even a tuft of the hares-foot fern; no weed or evil plants come near the White Stone Spring; every plague, and every curse, stops at the



other side of that little strame! if you must part, jewels of my heart!—part here—cross yer hands, darlings left and right; then, right and left over the stone—the stone the White Doe rests at once in every year, when she visits the White Stone spring—and God go with the one, and God be with the other!" Prompted by a delicacy, which, all the conventionalities of the world can never teach, the poor fellow wiped the tears from his eyes with his rough hand, and walked on.

The fragile girl, all trembling as she was, had more command over words than had her young lover. "Go," she said, "go, Sidney, I will not say do not think of me—for I hope that would be impossible! but I say, do think of me! and thus—to press forward in all things that will tend to your own honour: for in that only can I rejoice. Yet do not," and here her voice, but not her purpose faltered—"do not waste

time in writing much—a line will do, to say you are well; but let me have that line; and do not work too hard, whatever it may be you work at; we are both young, and years hence will be time enough—" she would have said "to be united;" but the words would not come—she hung her head, repeating "time enough."

"We part in perfect faith, and truth, and love, one to the other," murmured Sidney—"I full of hope"—but his voice sounded so like its knell, that she said "not in that tone—yet full of hope—of certainty!" As she spoke—it was a trifle, a thing of nought; but when the feelings are excited, straws, shreds, a perfume, a sound, a fancy even, sweeping through the brain so rapidly, that its course cannot be noted—will be read as an omen, either for good or evil; and so it chanced, that a single feather from the wing of an eagle which silently and unperceived had floated above their heads, dropped at Sidney's feet.

"There," she exclaimed, pointing to the royal bird, which, for the first time in her life, she looked upon with pleasure. "There at your feet is an omen of success; and see, he pilots the path you are going! follow Sidney, and so high and so glorious will be your destiny, even in the full light of a glowing world."

When Eva returned to the Dovecote she found the bloodhound, who had so often accompanied both Cormac and Sidney, seated at the door, with that grave, sad, expression of countenance, which so peculiarly distinguishes the race. He rose silently, followed her into her chamber, and half-curved round her feet, casting stealthy glances towards her weeping face.

"Poor Keeldar!" she said, patting his head, "you never did this before: poor Keeldar!" and the noble fellow shook his flapping ears, and replied with a low whine—then curled himself up again, seeming determined not to be driven away. At night, he was turned into the lawn; but the next morning found him on the grass-bench beneath Eva's window—her self-elected guardian.

Four days had passed—and the interest Eva evinced in the movements of the little ragged Killarney post-boy, "who travelled," as he called it, into "the town"—and then back to the village with "the news"—at whatever hour suited him best—was something new and extraordinary; and many turns, upside down, did he give the letter, which, on the afternoon of the fourth day he presented to her. "I'm sure I'd ha' brought it yesterday, miss, if I'd thought you cared about it; for I forgot it on the counter of Bill Henesy's shop—an' I half-way home; and minded to turn back; but I didn't."

The emotions excited by a first love letter, are better either imagined or recalled, than described. Into the deepest shadow of the deepest arbour of the garden, did Eva rush to read—what for the truth, the earnestness, the heroism, and withal the delicacy, of its passion might have been proclaimed from the house-top, without bringing the faintest increase of colour to her gentle cheek. No fairer lady's bower could be imagined than that she had chosen; the shadows of the trees crossing each other fantastically around her; the music of the wild bird, lending melody to the scene, and her thoughts, half-real, half-romance, deepening into the enchantment which belongs to the dreams of early love; when she was abruptly summoned by Kitty to the cottage, to meet Lady Elizabeth Talbot.

The great lady came not in the pomp of equipage and dress, as before;





her toilet was suited to the chamber of sickness, rather than her gilded state; her looks, haggard even to wildness; her natural energies stretched to their utmost tension; and when Eva entered, timidly, her mother seemed almost as much distressed as their visitor. "I cannot expect sympathy from either!" were the proud lady's first words—"and yet you are both women—you, a mother! and you so young! how stern and cold you look!"

"I!" exclaimed Eva, "I, lady!"

"Ay—you!" and no great wonder; "I suppose Sidney has told you something which causes you to regard my son as little short of a—" she shuddered, and examined Eva's countenance with more than her usual scrutiny, adding, "is it not so?"

"Whatever may have passed between your nephew and your son to still more determine Sidney to seek his own fortune, lady, we know not. We saw he had been deeply wounded," said Geraldine, "but he would not speak of it; it was among the past and painful things of which even his young life has had so many: he has set his heart and strength against the future—and so best!"

Lady Elizabeth breathed more freely; there was in Eva the same open, frank look that accompanied her mother's words. She read human nature with a keen, clear eye; and it was but the effect of the excitement and anxiety she had undergone, and the half-ravings of her son, which had made her a false interpreter of both looks and words. "Let all such things be past," she said; "I come to you as a suppliant. You little know the depth and strength of the love you have cast from you. My son is writhing in all the agony of fever; night and day he calls upon your name; entreats me to bring you to him, that he may see you once more. The physicians tell me that his very life depends on his seeing you—on hearing your voice. Young lady, I am told that you have constantly braved the pestilence whose very name I shrink from; that you are often found in cabins, by the pallet of disease and death! Is this so?"

"Lady, it is! I fear no sickness, and think of death as of the uprising of life. Why should I fear?"

"How strange!" murmured the lady; "such faith and firmness dwelling in a form so fragile! I hardly know how to frame such a request," she continued, turning to Geraldine; "but if you will permit your daughter to see Cormac—to speak a few words to him—the physicians say the effect may be so tranquillising, that the only child will be spared to the widowed mother!"

How strange are the workings of the human mind! No matter what a mother's own experience may have been; no matter how clear are her views of happiness, of love, of duty,—still she is seldom, if ever, proof against the glittering chance of a wealthy union for her daughter. Geraldine would not have sanctioned a dishonourable word or thought in Eva; and yet *she thought*, "How sad it was she could not love Cormac!—but who knows, who knows?"

Lady Elizabeth interpreted the silence of both mother and child disadvantageously to her entreaty. "I pledge myself," she said, "that no tie shall bind you; that if he is happily soothed by the interview, you shall return with blessings—blessings such as mothers only can give—blessings on the goodness that permitted you to yield to my earnest prayer. I, an aged, widowed mother, could kneel at your feet—could implore for him what I

would not do to save my own life! My only child is struggling against death; the light that is my light is even now flickering; mysterious forms contend over his wasting and sinking form. It may be, that the little reason left will be gone before I return—that you may come when it is too late to recall him to himself: but make the trial, I implore you!

—and may you"—and she turned to Geraldine—"may you never know the terror of being a childless parent!"

"If," said Eva, "my mother does not disapprove, we will be at Ard-Flesk within an hour." Lady Elizabeth knew how to accept a favour gracefully—a rare knowledge in a proud woman.

Before Eva went, she wrote a few hurried lines to Sidney. "Have you told him where we are going?" inquired her mother.

"Certainly, dearest mother," was the reply.

"Will it not make him anxious and unhappy?" suggested Geraldine.

Her daughter's bright face beamed upon her. "Oh, no!" she answered,

"he will be glad; it is what he would have wished. Surely, we can trust each other!"

How still and dark looked the old house at Ard-Flesk!—while, as if aware of the necessity for silence, Keeldar lifted his feet stealthily, as he followed his adopted mistress through the hall, and up the carved stairs, into the dimly-lighted drawing-room. How magnificent it seemed to both its visitors! Eva had never seen anything so grand. The servant advanced, and drew up the blind of the centre window. Geraldine glanced upon the velvet hangings and the richly gilded furniture, and thought how perfectly her daughter's figure was reflected in the various mirrors.

"All this could have been yours!" she whispered in her ear. Eva started indignantly; but, self-reproved, she pointed to the window, where the eye wandered over a tract of country, the birthrights of many proprietors,—a rich and glorious landscape, unrivalled in the world.

"That is mine!" she said; "it is mine to look at; to wander through and

to enjoy. Fie, dearest mother! to wish to stint my inheritance to a few yards of old hangings and gilded cornice, that a fly can sully."



"She is a strange girl," thought Geraldine, unable quite to comprehend the change that had given such firmness of mind and originality of thought to her character; "strange and great!"

"Oh, mother!" she continued, "why is it that we bound our enjoyments by the consideration of 'mine' and 'yours'? the world is full of beauty, there is no wall set round its valleys, no darkness shrouds its hills, it is the Almighty's! and we his people have an inheritance of enjoyment; the peasant who walks the mountain path, can revel in the same light, and air, and glory, that we do now, and yet this Creator's bounty is unthought of, so freely given to all."

Before Geraldine had time to reply, Lady Elizabeth was in the room. Fixing her eyes, as before, upon Eva, she said, "You are a glorious creature! and may God bless you for the sacrifice!" She understood her at that moment better than her own mother.

How awfully through the deep hangings, the silence and darkness of that chamber, came the ravings, and strained, unnatural murmurs, of the youth, whose burning brow could find no rest upon its pillow. Lady Elizabeth's fantastic airs were overwhelmed by a mother's agony. Sometimes she would press her hands to her ears, to shut out his incoherent words; at others, she would bend down her head, that none might be lost. When he called on Eva (which he did frequently), she replied, addressing some soothing epithet to the sufferer; but he neither recognised her nor her voice,—muttering that she would hate him still the more for what had passed. Of all the fearful things that youth can look upon, is the sudden striking down of one of its own age, whose hours seem numbered; who pass at once from the sunshine of the world, into the mists and mysteries of the chamber of death; where, dimly shadowed forth, the mighty spectres, that in our strong time of health seem but as fables, congregate. The huge hour-glass, its sands escaping with the rapidity of lightning. Time! his gigantic and bat-like wings lost in the darkness, while his scythe gleams like an exterminating meteor! heaps of human bones rising to the sight of the hot, and aching eye-balls, forming into the fearful semblance of the great King of Terrors advancing to seize his panting prey! Never had Eva felt any atmosphere half so oppressive; and she who had been by the couch of want, as well as disease, had never heard such fearful ravings as shrieked throughout that lofty chamber.

"You are very pale—and you tremble," said the physician, kindly taking her hand.

"But I will remain, sir, if I can be of use," was the maiden's reply.

"God bless you, young lady; I am sure you would, but the time is past."

"He will recover, sir, I hope."

"We are all right to hope, and I think in this case we have a peculiar right to do so; I am sorry you have been so tried."

Lady Elizabeth passed from the room with Eva.

"I shall never forget this!" said the lady; "and you must not forget me! prevent this for my sake." Her anxiety, deep and earnest as it was, did not prevent her wishing to relieve her pride by discharging an obligation, and she pressed a jewel of large value upon Eva.

"Forgive me!" said the young girl; "forgive me the plainness of my words, lady! I cannot be paid for an act of mere humanity."

Again she would have forced her to accept the gift, but Eva standing by her mother's side, seemed to increase in stature as she again refused it.

"You are too proud, young lady," said Lady Elizabeth, in an offended tone, as she placed the jewel on the table, "a princess might accept it."

"I can accept nothing from Lady Elizabeth Talbot," she answered, gently, though her words were stern, "but I will pray humbly that her son may be restored."

"How changed she has become," thought her mother, as with the dignity of a youthful queen, Eva passed from the second chamber.





H. Berthoud: del

THE FLOWER-GROUPS OF M. BRAUN.



## VISITS TO BRITISH MANUFACTORIES.

THE PAPIER MACHE WORKS OF  
MR. C. F. BIELEFELD.

PAPIER-MACHE, so readily susceptible of beautiful form, has now for a long time been employed in the relief ornamentation of surfaces, which, but for this invention, had remained plain, wherever a question of cost was entertained. The obviously growing taste for the beautiful has brought forward and supported numerous highly successful inventions for interior decoration, which have been designated by some—substitutes for art; but such they by no means are; being, in truth, happy facilities, exhibiting as much the essence of the art as the clay from the hand of the sculptor: the art is there, and the quality of the art is not improved either by the subsequent marble, gold, or silver. A question of art is not a question of material; but the latter becomes a question of cost, according to its own value and the difficulty of its elaboration. Among the many inventions which have arisen from the popular desire for tasteful embellishment, at accessible prices, papier-maché has not only sustained itself in public estimation, but has advanced in its character and adaptations. Papier-maché is believed to have been first applied to ornamental purposes in our own country, but the French have the credit of the invention, although in the "Encyclopédie Methodique," in the article "Sur l'Art de Moulage," they themselves, in the following passage, attribute to the English the first employment of paper mouldings:—"Les Anglais font en carton les ornements des plafonds que nous faisons en plâtre; ils sont plus durables; se détachent difficilement, ou s'ils se détachent, le danger est nul et la réparation est peu dispendieuse." The writer seems to have an apprehension of the comparative value of both substances, as he describes the qualities of the one accurately, though briefly, and the objections to the other very clearly, by inference. It was with the style, called by us the Elizabethan, that plaster mouldings for the enrichment of ceilings began to be generally used; and in the Italian style, which succeeded the Elizabethan, the material was more extensively and freely employed. At a period when carving in wood was as highly esteemed as in the present day, it was not likely that the qualities of plaster would be overlooked as affording a substitute, even though fragile, for a kind of art so difficult of execution in any degree of excellence. Plaster was therefore substituted for carved or panelled wainscot, as is evidenced in the mansions of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries; the ceilings, also, some of which are ornamented with foliage and bouquets, even in *alto-relievo*, are extremely rich in character. But the manner of the execution of these works was very different from that of working in plaster in the present day. The forms were not cast in a previously prepared mould, but were produced by the hand, and in the places intended to be permanently occupied by them. This, of course, supposes such works not to have been effected by mere workmen or secondary assistants, but by men who, by their education, were entitled to the consideration of accomplished artists; and, indeed, their style of working reminds us of that of the Raffaelleschi.

The papier-maché works to which we now call attention are those of MR. BIELEFELD, from whose extensive collection of designs for the embellishment of ceilings we have selected those upon this page, as showing that any style and character may be given to ceilings by this kind of ornament with facilities and advantages far beyond those earlier works which they so often follow in imitation. The two examples of florid centres here appended, are two only of an endless variety which may be employed singly or with accompaniments, in similar taste; they are formed according to any design and in any degree of relief, equal to that even of the largest pendant. The example of fret-work here shown is simple in character and equally simple in the manner of its application to the ceiling, which is sufficiently described towards the end of this article; and its facility of adaptation is one of the most valuable qualities of the material. Florid ornament may be used with equal ease and more beautiful effect: we have seen a ceiling enriched with gilded foliage upon a plain ground, the character of which was surpassingly beautiful. Our early Elizabethan works were produced, necessarily, at great cost, because the

artists capable of executing them were few, and as may be seen, chiefly men who had been educated in the foreign schools. It would be impossible to engrave an entire ceiling, but it will be understood that those sections and centres may be accompanied by any amount of enrichment, at a cost insignificant when compared with either that of the embellishment of a ceiling of the sixteenth century, or even one of modern taste, by an artist of a standard equal to those whose works remain in some of our ancient mansions; indeed, so exorbitant were the demands of the latter that contrivances were resorted to by the masters which soon superseded the earlier manner of working in stucco. The art of moulding and casting in plaster, as previously practised in France, was introduced, and the method of preparing the pulp of paper,

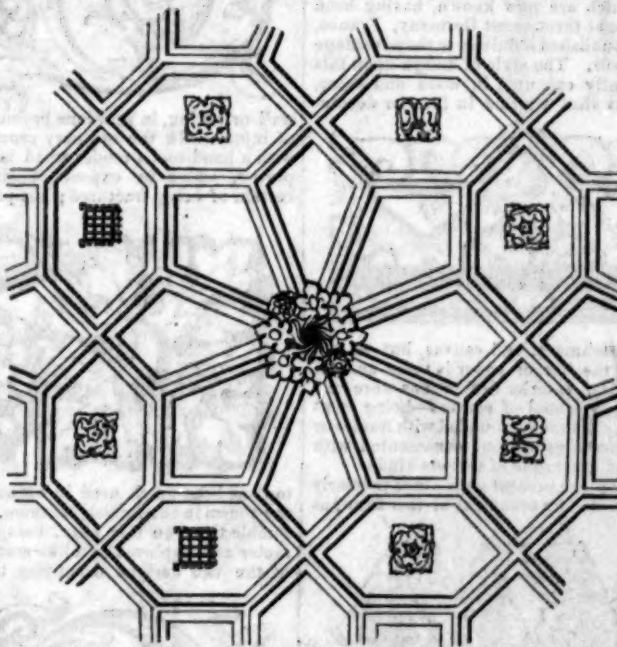
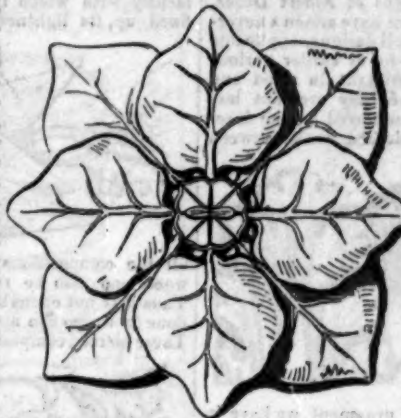
ornamentation before prevalent suffered vitiation, as all the deep under-cuttings and bold shadows, which marked the style of design in the age of Queen Anne, became impracticable when the ornaments were to be cast. The character of all the ornamentation of the latter part of the last century is tame and spiritless to the last degree; but on the introduction of the Greek taste, the limited capabilities of plaster-casting became less inconvenient, for the broad flat character of the Greek style was favourable to plaster casting, and had that taste continued to prevail, it is probable that this method of the production of ornament had not been superseded. But the purity and elegant simplicity of Greek art are only estimable to a few; and as there is a fashion in architecture, as in all else, the Greek taste had by

no means a popular run. It is, therefore, to our own Elizabethan, to the Gothic, and the Flemish and French schools, that the material of which we speak owes its extensive use. The picturesque and fantastic forms of the Elizabethan, and the boldness and luxuriant richness of the two latter respectively, were most admirably represented in papier maché; whereas plaster was found deficient in qualities so eminently fitted for these styles—the crisp and florid

carvings of which cannot be imitated in plaster, and the expense of carvings in wood would far exceed the limit established by those classes who have so extensively patronised the former.

The examples upon the first column of the succeeding page are designs for the embellishments of Cornices; being, as may be seen, sections of a continuous line of ornaments. These, like all other of our examples, are selected from an endless variety, and may be executed in any size suitable to larger or smaller spaces and objects. The other two columns are occupied by a series of very beautiful compositions, some of a lighter, some of a more luxuriant character, some remarkable as botanically

accurate representations of plants; others modified into various beautiful forms. The two upper





cuts are closely imitative of nature and beautifully allusive to the manner of the growth of the plants; the others are rich to a degree, and very much resemble the Nuremberg designs of Albert Durer, which are the originals whence have arisen a never-ending growth of foliated scroll designs, applicable to ornament in every genre—for at earlier periods we find them elaborately wrought in wood and stone; and in papier-maché they are not less available, for they may be employed in the decoration of surfaces, or as pierced work between



supports. Of this kind of ornament we have in our own country little or nothing remaining, compared with the reliques in various parts of the continent, all of which are now known, having been assiduously sought throughout Germany, France, and Italy, and published infinitely to the advantage of existing schools. The style of design upon this page was anciently executed in wood and stone, and it is curious that we find in interior decora-

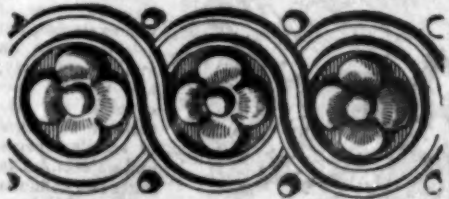


tion, leather, parchment, and canvas, but we are not aware that the use of paper is more ancient than two centuries. Interior decorations were executed by the early school of carvers—being compositions of many figures surrounded with frames or borders of elaborate execution, ornamented with foliage, lace, and arabesque of various kinds.

The designs on the present page show precisely what can be effected by ornament of this kind, as



superior to plaster. Cornices and mouldings thus acquire all the prominence, freedom, and solidity of wood carvings from these florid groupments; they are applicable to everything, either in architecture or furniture, which is commonly embellished by carving, and available in situations wherein plaster must be injured or broken; for instance, the florid scroll designs on this page could be executed in nothing suited for interior



embellishment but wood or papier-maché. In the latter material, and placed between supporting rails, these compositions are equal in appearance to wood, and much less costly. By means of steam power and the great improvements which have been effected of late in all branches of mechanics, the manufacturer has been enabled so far to advance upon the productions of an earlier period that the present material, although known by the name

common to both, is in every respect different from that of the last century. Its hardness, durability, and ready assumption of all forms, the facility with which it may be put together and fixed up, its lightness, and lastly its cheapness,



all the compositions which can be executed in wood can also be represented in this material. Thus it is not enough to say, that whatever can be done in stucco can also be done in papier-maché. These pierced compositions could be cast in plaster,

are all qualities highly desirable in a manufacture of the kind, and which distinguish it above every other employed in interior decoration. The various examples here afforded of pierced and under-cut florid carving, are enough to show that



wall or ceiling, in positions beyond the possibility of injury. In the ordinary processes of carving with a hand-tool a tender wood is necessarily employed, which in exposed positions is almost certain of being fractured; but papier-maché is of

such a consistency that nothing short of violence will injure it. The sharpness and truth of some of the designs upon the following page show that the material is capable of being moulded into any degree of finish. The laurel leaf design at the



top has been much used in ornamenting some of the rooms in the British Museum. The others resemble those on this page, being similar in character and employed in a like manner. The upper of the two designs occupying the third column

is a small table screen, and the lower is a screen uniting great mechanical merit with much taste in design, as it may be used either as a screen, or the top may be fixed horizontally, so as to admit of its being used as a work-table. The alto relievo of some



of these compositions is sufficient to show that the material is capable of repeating everything that can be done in wood. Some of these works are small, but the material is equally available for any composition, how delicate or complicated soever

it may be. Considering the daily improving state of every manufacture of utility, and to what a degree of unexpected excellence many are carried, it would be difficult to assign a limit to the utility of this material. We have shown its superiority



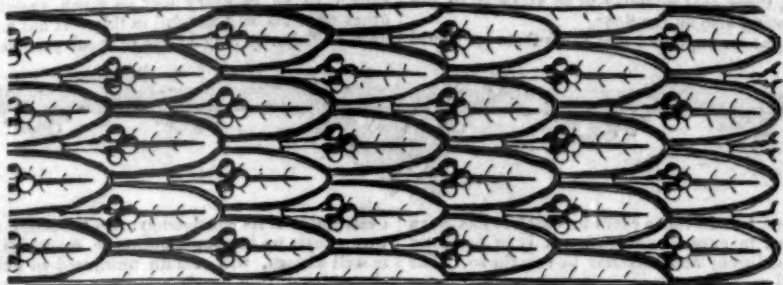
to plaster for architectural embellishment. Nothing could be so convenient for the ornamentation of a plain plaster ceiling by the application of panels, &c., for without disturbing the ground of the

ceiling every kind of object and style of composition could be applied, and so trifling would be the weight of these ornamental additions, that the laths and ceiling joists could receive them with



perfect safety. A new cornice, dry and ready to colour, could thus be fixed up against an old ceiling, without the delay and inconvenience necessarily attendant on running a plaster corner; indeed without the removal of a single

article of furniture, an old ceiling could be, in a very few hours, if necessary, decorated in any prescribed taste. When, from age or other causes, the ornaments of an ancient stuccoed or carved ceiling have fallen to pieces, or when, as is fre-



quently the case, even in recent works, plaster ornaments have detached themselves simply by the operation of their own weight, papier-maché is often employed in repairing the injury, and with perfect success. Ornaments of any degree of bold-

ness, freedom, and relief may be adjusted to a ceiling without the least risk, and when, perhaps, the timbers are so slight, that heavy plaster compositions might be dangerous. And however well-suited the material may be for restoration in an-



cient works, it is not less perfectly fitted for the embellishment of modern architecture, as columns of every order and degree of embellishment, not only the capitals and bases, but the entire shafts, whether fluted in the classic style, or fretted over

with arabesques as in the cinque-cento and Elizabethan style, are executed with perfect facility.

The interior of the Pantheon is entirely ornamented with papier-maché, so also is Grocers' Hall in the city, the effect of which is extremely elegant.



The ceiling is coffered, the centre of each division being occupied by a circular composition, accompanied by a variety of chaste foliage distributed in the divisions of the ceiling. The interior, also, of the temporary House of Lords, as restored after

the fire in 1834, was ornamented with papier-maché; as are also, the state-rooms in Dublin Castle. Besides its use in the formation of dependent ornament and accessory, the succeeding pages show its use in the manufacture of inde-



pendent articles of furniture, especially of the ornamental kinds. The composition, of which we give an engraving in the following page, is a screen about three feet high, the centre of which may be filled with silk, velvet, or fancy work;

the screens upon this page are also filled with work or velvet, and are of various sizes. The other designs are cornices—those at the top simple poles, one with a wreath, the other with grapes and leaves; of those below perhaps the

Gothic and the Elizabethan are the most meritorious examples: the whole, however, serve to show the infinite adaptability of the material.

As a substitute for the ancient expensive carvings in churches these works are now much



employed, as for the enrichment of altar-pieces, organ-cases, gallery fronts, and wherever carving could with advantage be employed. The progress of the material as a substitute in minor ornamentation for plaster is considerable, as bouquets and



paterns are extensively used in the country in simple domestic architecture, in which formerly the ornament was in plaster.

The use to which papier-maché is now put shows it to be a material in every way different



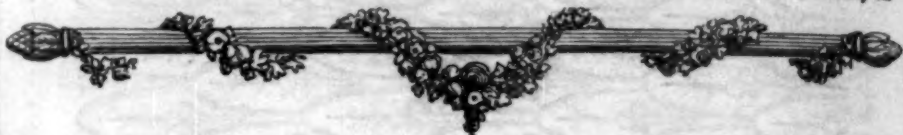
from that which the present manufacturer found under the same name; and as being a medium in which may be realized the most beautiful forms it is as much entitled to consideration as any other in which are repeated the most valuable conceptions of the artist. It were, therefore, much to be desired that those forms and compositions in which it should be brought forward should be the best that were to be had. Everything that is beautiful in the vegetable world has contributed in some shape or other to ornament. All the varieties of arabesque have again and again supplied their quota; but there is yet an inexhaustible store of new combinations to be formed, even of those combinations, which according to their greater degree of felicity, are called *styles*. The material in question, as admitting of *alto-relievo*, is admirably adapted for new combinations and style. We cannot separate our own art from that of other countries—it is by them that we are stimulated in arts, as by us they are stimulated in manufactures. Every country in Europe is in art looking back to the old masters; all schools are consulting the men who lived antecedent to Raffaele and his contemporaries, as from the latter the aspirations



of the former were drawn, and it is with the hope of like results that the moderns look so far back. The French and German schools of decorative art have diligently collected all the works of their early masters, and rendered them contributive to modern productions; but it is to the early part of the sixteenth century that we are more indebted than to any other period, as the page of the art-history of that time is adorned by the most illustrious names. There is, however, a wide difference between the highest points attained by all the schools of this era, especially by those of Italy. The German school flourished also at this time, and to it the decorative art of Europe owes extensive obligations, although here art never cast off the trammels of a constrained style, for when originality or peculiar feeling is shown in its works, we still find present, with scarcely any exception, an element very different from our apprehension of the highest quality of beauty. Many of the most beautiful designs which have been gathered from antique remains have been carved in wood or stone with the most elaborate finish. The richest of these are perfectly imitable in this material, as may be seen in the complicity of the designs in the following page, the first of which is a circular glass or picture-frame; the style of its ornament is similar to that of the florid sections on the second and third pages, showing the universal utility of these compositions. Below this is a glass similarly framed, and it may be observed of this work, that although so many crisp and slender projections appear in it that these are much less likely to be injured than

such parts are in any other material. The other frame is a girandole extremely beautiful in composition. In the original work the whole of the components of the frame are clear and sharp in execution. The cut below represents a table-bracket, three feet intended to be attached to the wall, resting also on the floor.

It might be supposed that this substance would



this point, but in those cases in which it has been employed in exterior decoration it is in perfectly good condition, and bids fair to remain so. The material called *carton-pierre*, employed in France in exterior decoration is a preparation analogous to papier-maché; but there is a difference between them which must be fatal to the former, and that is its permeability to moisture, which must be

not suffer exposure to weather, but the contrary is the fact. Even the old manufacture of the last century has most successfully resisted the deteriorating influences of exposure; it may, therefore, be presumed, that the improved manufacture shown to be in every way so much superior in other respects will not fail in this. It has not yet been sufficiently long in use to speak positively on



old manufacture with all its defects. There are other works in town and country of the same date as those in Berners-street, and all, it is believed, in an equally good state of preservation. The *carton-pierre* is very extensively employed in France for the decoration of edifices of imposing character; it might be supposed that its application in this way had been justified by satisfactory proof

of the durability of the material; but, after all, if it be absorbent of moisture, and thus rendered soft, it is most reasonable to suppose that it must suffer injury. Time, therefore, alone can be the real test of its merits: no chemical inquiry in such case can in anywise be satisfactory; for any factitious material so constituted—indeed not formed, in a great measure of earthy matter can admit and again



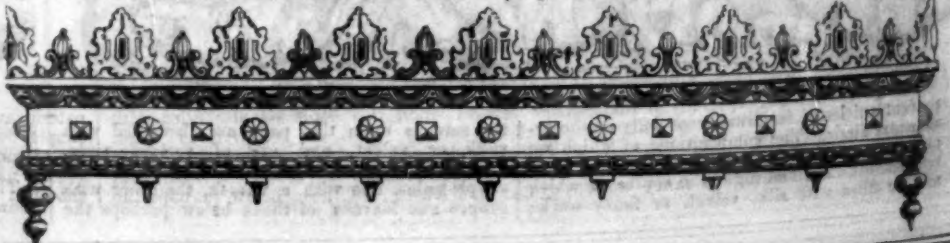
yield superfluous moisture without suffering ultimate solution. It can only be ascribed to the apathy of the time that the old papier-maché was not more extensively employed for exterior ornament; it is true it was comparatively flat, poor, and in every way insufficient, but had, in that day, the taste for ornament existed more popularly, it had undoubtedly been rendered more worthy of notice.

With respect to its durability for interior embellishment, there is evidence of a more satisfactory kind, as there exist many pier-glass frames, chimney-pieces, &c., in this material, which must have been made early in the last century. A recent examination of the old papier-maché work at Chesterfield House, has most satisfactorily shown that in ceilings also it is not less enduring; in fact a comparison between this and the wood work



to which it is attached, shows that the progress of the lathing and other parts towards decay, is more advanced than that of the composition which in its new character will be more than ever

secured against the tendency to decay and the attacks of insects; indeed, in the latter respect, it will never suffer injury, as one of its components is particularly obnoxious to insects. It has in its





new form been applied in modern embellishment more extensively than is generally supposed; the many engravings, however, which we here pre-

In a vast variety of ways this description of ornament has been applied with success. For book-cases and other articles of furniture it is

to which we find it carried. As far as we can learn, it appears that it is dealt with precisely as wood, in applying it to the embellishment of furniture. It



sent, sufficiently show that there is no style of ornament beyond its adaptability. It has been advantageously employed in furniture enrichment.

be considerably enhanced. The preceding pages show numerous articles of furniture, according to Mr. Bielefeld's method of manufacture; with two more of these our selection is completed. The larger of the two is a

well suited, as affording opportunities of ornamenting them in a taste conformable with that of the apartment in which they may be placed, and especially if the manner be Gothic, the whole of the enrichment may be most advantageously executed in papier-maché as elaborate pinnacles and pendants, highly ornamented corbels, open work, frets, deeply undercut rosettes, and spandril and mitre, or intersection ornaments; even the most delicate tracery is executed with perfect ease, and at an expense which, by other means of ornamentation, must



bracket in that style most properly called Florid Roman; nothing can exceed the grace of the composition, which, when gilt, is very elegant. The last cut is a drawing from a Gothic chandelier, of a character very remarkable for lightness.

Considering its ready assumption of form, and the various uses to which it is applicable, it has been with us an object to inquire with what degree of freedom it might be dealt with, as compared with other materials employed in ornament. When it was first brought to public notice, it was never supposed from the comparatively insignificant objects which were then manufactured, that it could be utilised to half the extent

may be cut with the saw and chisel, may be bent by heat or steam, and even subjected to the operation of the plane, and rubbed to a smooth



surface by means of sand-paper. We have closely inspected and examined the methods of the formation of larger pieces of furniture, such as consoles, brackets, canapés, &c., and find that





many of them may be entirely formed of papier-maché, or may be made of a wood-core, and when completed a few screws will in either case secure the ornaments in their places, and when so fixed the work remains only to be painted or gilded as may have been determined. With respect to the latter process, the surface of

the composition receives the gold so much more readily than other materials, that much of the usual cost of gilding is saved. In order that the full value of these ornaments may be understood in their application to apartments which have never been intended to receive such additions, and to which other ornament could not



be added without preparation, it will be necessary to state the results of our inquiries as to the actual manner of attaching the ornaments. In cases where it is desired to fix a simple cornice, and the use of plaster is entirely set aside, a small fillet or moulding of wood is nailed to the ceiling and wall, having fixed to it the ornaments, which add very

and if the attachment of the object be intended to conceal apertures for ventilation, it becomes necessary that it be screwed to a blocking on the joists. When ornamental corners are fixed to ceilings, it is generally sufficient to employ small nails; but if the compositions be unusually heavy, they must be attached to the timbers by means of

screws. In ordinary cases the nails are assisted by strong glue, which gives a firmness to the work beyond all question of insecurity. With frets, friezes, and all superficial ornament, the same method of fixing is employed, all that is necessary to observe, is that the nails or brads take hold of the laths. When rooms are fitted with panels in the old French and Italian styles, the same methods of attaching the ornament are to be observed, only less caution is in this case necessary, as the weight of the work operates differently. In cases of attaching ornament to walls and panels, if it be light tracery, needle-points will be sufficient to sustain it, but glue or cement is commonly added.

The prospects of our own ornamental design are at present more favourable than they ever have been, although our school of design has not effected all that might have been desired, considering the time of its establishment. It should be our purpose to vindicate an originality for ourselves—not to dwell upon endless repetition, how good soever the subjects may be. Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of imitations, said that if one man were content to walk behind another, it is clear that he would never get before him, and consequently never distinguish himself by a progress peculiar to himself. We cannot, as we have already said, separate ourselves from continental art, for we have nothing to fall back upon; we must therefore endeavour to catch the spirit by which they were



much to the finish and appearance of a room, at a very trifling expense, and no inconvenience compared with that attendant on other modes of ornamentation. If the object be to fix a patera or flower, one screw will be sufficient, unless it be of unusual dimensions, in which case two or more are necessary;

animated, availing ourselves of their works, not in servilely copying them, but as stimulants to equal things in a style of our own.

The works of Mr. Bielefeld, from which these cuts have been selected, are in every style and character, and besides the edifices that have

been mentioned, as ornamented with papier-maché, there are the Royal Palaces, the Conservative Club-house, and nearly all the other club-houses, the picture gallery at Drayton Manor, Gothic ceilings in Johnstown Castle, county of Wexford, Ireland, Northwood House, Isle of Wight, and many other public and private buildings; inasmuch as to show that this useful manufacture is making that extensive progress to which the durability of the material and its other valuable qualities are so justly entitled.

The *renaissance*, we may term it, of papier-maché was effected by Mr. Bielefeld about twenty years ago, but his present premises in Wellington-street North, Strand, have been built only about seven years: the extent of the ground plan is nearly one hundred feet by thirty-six, and it would be impossible to divine how ingeniously this space is disposed into all the departments of a manufactory, extensive far beyond what would appear in a space so limited. The basement contains an engine of some six or eight horse power, the use of which is to drive lathes in one department, and machinery in another—that of the manufacture of the new patent frames—it works the rollers by which the designs are impressed on the wood; and the steam from the boiler heats every department of the manufactory. These rooms are surrounded by vaults in which are kept the metal moulds by which the design is communicated to the material. The weight of metal so stored is about one hundred tons, and the cost of insuring, would be so considerable that the proprietor does not consider himself justified in adding this to his other heavy expenses. The ground floor is laid out in show-rooms, counting-house, &c.; and here it is that the beautifully combined results of the whole of the other departments are seen. Our selection of cuts affords but a very limited conception of the very numerous objects and patterns which are arranged in these rooms, where it is at once seen that the utilities of the material are made available in every way. Above these rooms is an entresol, where the presses are worked by means of which the paper in its wet state is pressed into the mould, the form of which it is thus made to assume. Of these there are fifteen of various powers, one of them a hydraulic press, exerts a power equal to a weight of eighty tons. Here are also drying-rooms, with a temperature of 120 degrees. Above this is the graining and gilding room. Over the gilders is a workshop for ornamenting and manufacturing the material into articles. On another story of the building the works are packed, and still higher is the carpenter's shop; but besides these extensive departments there are other departments, many of which are of the utmost importance in the preparation of the designs and metal moulds—as the modelling-room in which the first models are made in clay—the casting-room, in which are furnaces and sand-troughs for the purpose of casting the moulds: a great portion of the stock is kept in other ware-rooms, all numbered and so arranged that any number could at once be found. The material itself is actually paper first reduced to soft pulp by machinery, and for the purpose any waste paper that has been written on will serve. This having been prepared in such a manner as subsequently to acquire the hardness and tenacity which are among its best qualities, it is passed under a press with the metal mould of the intended pattern; it is then dried so as to acquire substance. The process of making the moulds is this:—the pattern is first executed in clay, from which a mould is made in plaster; this reproduces the design in plaster, from which another mould is made to receive the metal, which when cast is finished by chasing, and is then ready to yield the design to the papier-maché.

Thus it is seen that the manufacture, even to its most minute details is carried on on these premises, and the number of persons necessarily employed in an establishment so extensive is not less than a hundred. The manufacture is entirely different from everything else in this or any other country, and the ingenuity of resource and spirit of enterprise with which its wants are met, and its progress sustained, do infinite honour to the originator and proprietor, Mr. Bielefeld; to whom, also, the lovers of art are indebted for another invaluable invention, the purpose of which is the production of an elegant picture frame, at less than half the usual cost. This is a patent, and the ingenuity of the invention we purpose to notice at some length hereafter.



### THE (SO-CALLED) VELASQUEZ PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

AN Exhibition is now open in London of a portrait of Charles I., assumed to be the identical portrait painted by the great Spanish painter Velasquez. It does not rest on probability that when Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham were at Madrid on their romantic mission, in 1623, the Prince should have been anxious to have his portrait executed by Velasquez. The painter had just then risen to the high eminence of court patronage, and the portrait he executed of his Sovereign was the wonder of the day. That this desire on the part of Prince Charles did exist, and that such a portrait was actually painted, is, indeed, certain—inasmuch as its execution has been noticed by the Spanish writers on Art of the period.

The exhibited portrait then relies for authenticity either on the pedigree being unbroken, to be confirmed by documentary evidence—or on the analysis of its artistic execution, and comparison with other portraits by the same master. If documents have been found which trace the descent of possession through upwards of two centuries, and were made public, the title would be at once established. Many reasons may withhold this proof for the present, and, perhaps, it is wise to tax the public to judge of it artistically; certainly an inquiry of this kind is of great advantage to incipient amateurs. The notices which have hitherto been given by the Press have chiefly borne reference to the costume, the accessories, and the episode in the distance, of a fierce conflict. These points have been carefully discussed: and it appears a natural deduction that a young Prince on a romantic love-errand to a foreign state, at a time of peace, would be represented in all the magnificence of silk, velvet, and embroidery, with a background of sylvan scenery such as lovers seek; or the more gorgeous display of palatial architecture and gardens appertaining to the rank of the illustrious personage.

Therefore, it is alone from the artistic execution that we are disposed to say we do not in the performance recognise the work of Velasquez. Although it is truly assumed that we have but as rare pictures the works of this painter in England, yet our private collections contain a fair sprinkling of his known performances; and they are of such high quality that he can be very rightly judged by the comparison. The great character of the pencil of Velasquez is the certainty and animation of a large touch, with a full brush occasionally dashing slightly over the surface, and, the next moment, impregnating the canvas with solid masses of sparkling colour. The exhibited picture is tame in these qualities: the smoothness of the globe, the flatness of the curtain, and the laboured background are evidences of imitation or timidity, and are not, as Edwin Landseer says of Velasquez, "large Art on a small scale." We could discuss every portion of this picture with reference to the two fine portraits by the master possessed by Lord Ellesmere; a portrait of Philip IV., in Lord Ashburton's collection; an historical picture of four whole-length life-size figures, in Stafford House; and several others we are acquainted with, but we should, by so doing, arrive at the same conclusion.

It would be dogmatical to assert that it is not by Velasquez; it is but an individual opinion we offer, to induce a rigidly critical study of the work upon the principles of the science; and, if mistaken, we should find our deficiency of judgment richly compensated by the recovery of a work of Art—so important to its history.

That it is a truly fine picture of the period is indisputable: it becomes no question here by whom it really has been painted: on that point we omit the opinion we have formed. It will be a fertile source of interesting inquiry among amateurs; and we have no desire to mar the enjoyment which the view of it will bountifully afford the visitor.

We should not have said so much if we had thought its exhibition based on a lucrative speculation of profit or sale; on the contrary, we know the possessor has incurred considerable expense from a pure love of Art—rendered enthusiastic from full confidence in having recovered one of its lost glories.

The Exhibition will, no doubt, be extensively visited: an examination of the picture—fine and interesting as it is, no matter who painted it—will amply recompense attentive study.

### THE SCENERY OF THE STAGE.

DURING the last few years, and particularly since the formation of Schools of Design, it is impossible not to have observed the great efforts which have been made to develop a general feeling for the advancement of the Fine Arts. The literary portion of the community have been among the most active agents for the purpose. The Press has sedulously and continuously urged its importance, as influencing the social condition of humanity. Independent of the increased facilities of admission for the public to national edifices, museums, picture galleries, and free exhibitions of cartoons, under the auspices of a Royal Commission, many collections of the productions of industrial skill, which are dependent on design or form, have been created. A competition has been excited, having for its ultimate aim the double object of cultivating the true principles of ideal beauty, as well as of enlarging the enjoyment of its gifts by the remunerative extension of manufacture. The most humble articles in common use are found to be susceptible of imparting lessons to educate the eye and mind; it is constantly urged that the elegant and chaste in pattern costs no more than the clumsy and ill-formed. New claims for approbation are almost daily offered by our artisans, who safely calculate on the now awakened spirit; and that the progress of refinement will reward the successful originator of a new mental gratification.

While all efforts are moving Art towards its legitimate destination, it would be even unwise to allow any useful channel to remain stationary, or undirected to the same beneficial end. There is certainly one of vast capability which has hitherto been sluggish in its pace of progression—the Drama, whether lyrical, poetical, or choreographical.

If a comparison were made between the number of persons who visit during the day the free Institutions, exhibitions of works of Art, or objects dependent on artistic conception, and those who are nightly assembled to witness dramatic performances in the many theatres of the Metropolis, the majority of the latter would be overwhelming in numerical amount. The audiences are congregated for the sole purposes of the pleasurable gratification of the eye and ear, are open to all its impressions, and awakened to ecstatic delight at any excellence displayed. Surely, when such masses of individuals are gathered together under a condition so favourable to the imparting of instruction as this vehicle of rational amusement, the Scenery of the Stage must enjoy wondrous facilities and opportunities of expounding the theories of the Imitative Arts. Every scene presented to the gaze of a theatrical audience is a lesson in architecture, composition, aerial and linear perspective, as well as in many others of the positive principles upon which Fine Art is founded. The violation of either of these principles in stage decoration is as gross a desecration of the Drama as the neglect of grammatical construction would be in the dialogue, or of false intonation in vocal enunciation. Nor is truth of costume less influential in completing the illusion upon which dramatic performance relies, or of bearing its full share of advantageous instruction to an inquiring mind.

The scale of improvement, either in invention of subject, or execution in colour, of Stage Scenery, has not been regularly progressive, nor has it sustained the advances it occasionally made in this country. This instability may have arisen from the same impulses which have hastened the degenerate condition of the English Drama; and, certainly, the ordinary painters of its scenic decorations have not proved very zealous or efficient auxiliaries to the falling cause. Not so with Italian Opera, for that has proceeded with an increasing patronage and pecuniary support which have not been met by augmented excellence. The scenic displays awarded to the admirable compositions of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti.

Up to the year 1814, the theatre in the Haymarket, distinguished as the King's Theatre, rarely boasted of a new scene; for a succession of seasons it never ventured beyond a redaubed or vamped up old canvas, perpetrated by a person named Orme.

At the time of returning peace, after a war which had excluded us from the Continent for upwards of a quarter of a century, a sudden desire for regeneration arose; and the first result was the invitation to England of M. Ciceri, then, as he still continues to be, one of the most

able illustrators of the Drama in the Parisian capital. On his arrival he painted for the Italian Opera a new drop scene, classic in its idea and gorgeous in its details. It represented a crimson curtain, richly diapered with ornament, with a border of extraordinary width, composed of Etruscan forms of infinite grace and variety: before it was a votive altar and a profusion of symbols, which are the usually conventional exponents of the Dramatic Art. One side of this curtain was looped up, and revealed a vista of temples of pure Greek architecture. It would be unjust to omit mentioning that the drop scene then superseded was an Italian landscape with figures, painted by W. Tresham, R.A. This was certainly a flattering and wholesome tribute to the English School of Painting in its juvenility. Tresham's *tableau* remained as a drop scene until it was fairly worn threadbare, before it was replaced by the magnificent curtain of M. Ciceri. The same season saw a friend of M. Ciceri's, Mons. Zarra, installed in this theatre as a regularly-engaged scene-painter. He filled this department very satisfactorily, with the limited means disposable, owing to the continued litigations in which this establishment was involved. M. Zarra continued to be so employed for eighteen years, and produced some very fine and carefully-studied designs, displaying more fertility of invention than any other scene-painter in England previously. When this *artiste* left the theatre it fell into the hands of embarrassed and needy speculators, until finally the legal difficulties which had so long cankered the greatest lyric arena in the Metropolis were brought to a termination, and Mr. Lumley became its sole lessee and proprietor. It might have been hoped that the opportunity so gloriously won would have generated the noble feeling of progressing excellence in every branch of Art necessary to achieve the utmost possible perfection. Under this belief one of the most poetic, romantic, and imaginative of our painters, a distinguished member of the Royal Academy, in an enthusiastic desire to display the resources of his art on a grand scale, offered his assistance to Mr. Lumley, to design and superintend the execution of the scenery. That it was a perfect *con amore* enthusiasm and love of grand conception, is certain, as the painter's pecuniary interest would have been abridged if his offer had been accepted. But his communication did not receive even the courtesy of a reply—a circumstance for which we can only account by supposing that it never came into the hands of Mr. Lumley.

In our National Theatres it has occasionally fared better under the hands of Stanfield and Roberts; but these periods were of fleeting duration, and came to us only occasionally, like the aberrations of comets, to excite passing wonder and delight. The recollection of Stanfield's decorations to "Acis and Galatea" will never be forgotten while any of the spectators live who enjoyed the fortunate chance of being present at a brilliant reunion of the Lyric, Dramatic, and Artistic Arts. All honour to Macready, who brought them together!

In Italy, the scenery of an opera or ballet is of equal importance to the composition. It is always new to the new pieces: if the opera or ballet fall, the scenery is totally obliterated. By these means a succession of original subjects analogous to the piece are constantly presented, and contribute to the general efficiency by boldness of design, and a close approach to the enchanting luxuries of the *beau idéal*. In execution they differ materially from the careful finish of the Parisian stage, being as strongly imbued with poetic invention as their ancient school of painting, and executed with the same grandeur and massive idea. At the theatre of La Scala alone upwards of one hundred and twenty new scenes are painted annually; and, of such interest are these decorations in that classic land of Art, that, as regularly as a new operatic performance succeeds on the stage, so does a series of engravings appear, contemporaneously with the publication of the music, delineating the scenery which has contributed to the triumph and embellishment of the musical composition. These prints, which are scarcely known in England, comprise designs of the highest magnificence, without the slightest violation of the grammar of practical Art. Thus the twin sisters of Music and Painting are linked together, and the names of Pergo, Sanquirico, and Tranquillo, who have carried the scenery of



the Lyric Drama to the extreme limits of artistic quality, are as much honoured and caressed in their native climes, as any of the illustrious composers of the chosen land of song.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the theatres in Italy are open for the principal part of the year; otherwise so many new scenes could not possibly be required. The Opera is not there, as with us, a repetition of established works resuscitated into novelty; on the contrary, every city and town which boasts of a theatre produces two new Operas, composed expressly for it, during the year. The new composition is the grand affair of society: it is this necessity to feed the public mind which begets a reliance on Fine-Art decorations as an auxiliary to the triumph of the piece. In no case of success does a scene last more than forty nights before it is pitilessly effaced; very often it is cancelled after three or four representations.

The scenery of the French stage is of a completely opposite character to that of Italy, being most elaborately worked and studied in the minutest details. Authentic authorities are investigated to ensure the truth of the most unimportant adjunct; and in completion, the scenes of the French stage are so many orthodox works, seldom soaring into the ideal, but forming perfect pictures of the subjects displayed. The visitors to the French Metropolis will find plenty of artistic instruction in admiring the scenes painted by Cicci, Cambon, and Zarra: those of the newly-erected Théâtre de Montpensier are by the latter. On the past incongruities and anachronisms of our own stage it were superfluous to dilate: the past may be forgotten, hoping the future is pregnant with better things for a higher object. That it is capable of becoming the facile medium of instruction to a race thirsting for knowledge cannot be doubted; or of imparting sound information on the theories and capabilities of Art: thus supplying the stepping-stone to a just, true, and wholesome understanding of its value.

The preceding remarks are introductory to our design of giving, at intervals, some critical remarks on the progress of a branch of Fine Art which has not yet received at the hands of the journalist the examination that might tend to its advancement. It would be too extensive an undertaking to engage in this inquiry with the numerous theatres that are constantly open for public entertainment, and we shall, therefore, confine it to the two Italian Operas and Drury Lane. The others never pretend to more than some conventional scenes, which pass muster for all ages and all countries; if anything new is attempted it rarely amounts to more than a hotch-potch plagiarism. For the present we postpone the proposed detail, but in our ensuing Journal we shall examine the pretensions of the new Italian Opera now occupying Covent-garden Theatre—giving effect to the Lyric Drama, by the sister Art of Painting.

We repeat that Art may derive most essential service from this powerful source; we believe also the improvements that have been, and improvements of still higher moment that may be, introduced, will be more than remunerative to those whose capital is invested in Stage speculations.

In these days of "movement," the same may be said of every subject and object that can be influenced by Art; to remain inactive is to wait for ruin; to advance is at once to plant the seed and to gather in the harvest.

With the spirit of rivalry that influences and animates the two theatres for Italian operas we have no concern; but we shall rejoice if both the Losers will bear in mind, that while each finds his account in procuring the aid of the best singers, each may make it answer his purpose to show how the scenery of the one Theatre can outvie the other.

#### THE BLOSSOMS.

PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM ROSE, B.A.  
ENGRAVED BY W. C. WASS.

THE print which accompanies the present number of our Journal is from a drawing by Sir William Rose, by whom it was kindly lent to us for the purpose. It is one of many examples by this accomplished artist of the grace with which he produces portraits—rendering truth with fine feeling for the poetical and the picturesque. The drawing has received ample justice at the hands of Mr. Wass.

#### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

**GERMANY.—MUNICH.**—The ateliers of our artists are constant depositories of splendid works of Art—giving evidence of their unremitting activity. A praiseworthy zeal inspires them all: the leading masters, of preserving their renown; their followers, of rising to the same climax of excellence: indeed, so powerful a spirit of emulation on the part of the numerous junior artists has never been observed than at present: thus, mediocrity in most branches of painting is rapidly disappearing. My former remark, that the elders materially assist the juniors, and that the latter are endowed with the indispensable requisite in the character of a rising generation of true artists—modesty—is now verified in the highest degree. The friend of the Fine Arts, therefore, enters the said ateliers with the pleasing impression that the foundation of the Munich, or rather German, school of Art, is so firmly laid, that we may, ere long, expect to see it arrive at eminence, and its future success may justly be prognosticated. This undeniable truth forms an agreeable contrast to the apprehensive prediction of those who, on the appearance of any mediocre work of Art, preposterously foretell a decline of the Fine Arts altogether. A modern work of Art by one of the young artists of Munich has lately been exhibited: it belongs to that class of painting which, if attempted, must be done well to elevate it above the lowest class of Art—a military subject with modern uniforms—so frequently creating tedious monotony or stiff sameness. Benno Adam, son of the famous battle-painter, Albert Adam, has painted a full-length portrait of the late Field-Marshal Prince Charles Wrede, whose son gave the commission for the picture to adorn the principal room of his castle. The brave commander is represented in the battle of Hanau (1813) at the moment when the Bavarian light cavalry makes an assault on the approaching French troops; the hero being placed in the foreground, on a white horse, and in a commanding posture. The picture proves that the artist has mastered much of the difficulty of this line of portrait-painting; and we may, from this and other specimens of the artist, predict that, by pursuing his novel task with the same ardour and skill, he will soon rank among the great masters of his time, and acquire renown in historical painting.

Schwanthaler's studio is the great focus of brilliant reputation in sculpture. The Bavarian Pygmalion is ever busy in new creations, all inspired with the spirit of his genius; every month exhibits new models awaiting the industry and art of the carter to resist the common casualties of the destructive powers of nature, and remain for many centuries as the trophies of contemporary Monumental Art. We have seen and admired the models of four 'Victories,' to ornament the interior of the Befreiungshalle, or Hall of Deliverance. (See ART-UNION of February last.) The idea and conception of the whole circle of statues are said to have originated in the genius of King Louis himself. Several other statues, to be placed in the same locality, are completed. No less striking are those for the Bohemian Walhalla, erected at the expense of Von Zeith, a private gentleman. (See ART-UNION, page 346, 1845.) The figures of Libussa, the prophetess, and of Premysl, an old agriculturist, receiving a crown, his left hand holding the mystic hazelnut-tree twig, are admirably executed. A full-length group, ordered by the Duke of Devonshire, in Carrara marble, is in progress, and will bear testimony to the skill of the Bavarian sculptor. Flueggen's excellent painting of 'The Declaration of Judgment in a Civil Court,' lately exhibited and much admired, was commissioned by a private gentleman, Herr Jacobs, proprietor of a large manufacturing establishment at Potsdam, Prussia.

**VIENNA.**—Herr Lewis Emanuel D. Tschulik, the successful inventor of the machinery for compositors, which is extensively employed in the Government printing establishment, has constructed a machine for distributing the types—an invention which is not inferior to the former. Herr Rumel-meyer, the very able sculptor, has completed a clever gypsum model of 'St. Cecilia,' represented at the moment when, as the legend says, she heard a chorus of singing angels accompanying her as she played on the organ. The Saint, the sweet enthusiast who "drew an angel down," is a very

accomplished production of the artist; figure and drapery being of exquisite harmony, and giving evidence at the same time of the artist's truly poetical conception. It is expected that this model will be executed in marble, or some other material, to secure it a prolonged existence. Our able painter, C. Rahl, has exhibited at the Sorta del Sopol, at Rome; a work of so distinguished a character as to rank him among the greatest masters of the age. The painting represents 'Manfred, the Son of the Emperor Frederic II. of Hohenstaufen, and the Successor of his Father as King of Naples and Sicily.' The noble hero enters Laceria in full confidence of the support of the population, by whom he is enthusiastically received. The Saracens, who have opened the gates of their city to the conqueror, form striking contrasts to his enemies: their chief, Marchesio, is dragged in fetters into the King's presence. The picture is 16 feet high by 25 feet broad. The colouring is reported to be unrivalled in every respect. The work was executed by order of the Emperor of Austria, and is likely to be a lasting ornament to the public gallery of Vienna.

**SWITZERLAND.—BERNE.**—The opportunities for reporting favourably of the Fine Arts in this country "are few and far between," yet their influence at present is everywhere such as to reach even countries in which a superior work of designing Art might ever be considered the last species of production. Two very able artists, painters, and sculptors have in this respect done honour to Berne—the Herren Völgner and T. Tscharner. The latter has designed and modelled a fine statue of Duke Berchold of Zähringen (to whom the city of Berne owes its origin), cast in the Royal Foundry at Munich. Another work of Art, executed by Völgner, is of equal excellence—an equestrian statue of Rodolphus von Erlach, the victor of Lampen. A public subscription to complete the undertaking having proved a failure, a private gentleman, Theodore von Hallwyl, who had originally suggested the work, offered the Government his private collection of paintings for sale; which being accepted, he devoted the sum received to the execution of the statue. The model was made gratuitously by the artist. Thus, art and liberality allied have contributed to pave the way for the introduction of the refinements of civilisation.

**ITALY.—ROME.**—Schrader, the eminent historical painter, has lately completed an excellent picture, the more to be prized as this branch of the art of painting, for many reasons, still continues to be so insufficiently cultivated that a good historical production must ever be looked upon and hailed as a rare phenomenon. The subject of the work is 'The Surrender of Calais to Edward III.' Schrader has depicted the incident at the moment when the citizens express their readiness to ascend the scaffold. All the groups are most effectually characterized—the artist having mastered the difficulties which such a subject must comprise.

**FRANCE.—PARIS.**—Horace Vernet has sent to Blois a painting for the subscription now in progress in favour of the sufferers by the inundation of the Loire. The subject is 'A Scene in Algeria,' and is painted with all the artist's wonted energy and talents. Ary and H. Scheffer, Isabey, Delacroix, Cogniet, &c., are also contributors to this good work. General Delcambre has made a present of his bust by C. Elschœt to the Museum of Douai. The Society of Painters, Engravers, &c., have held their annual meeting at the Hôtel de Ville: the Baron Taylor presided, and the usual reports were read by M. Sabatier. We are happy to report the progress of this excellent Society, which already extends its aid to many poor artists; there are now on the lists 2800 members, and these are daily increasing. M. C. A. Aboret, a landscape-painter, of considerable talent, is just dead, at the early age of 23. He was a promising artist, and is universally regretted. M. Aubert, sen., an excellent landscape-engraver, considered one of our very best, has also recently paid the debt of nature, aged 58. On the place facing the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois has just been erected a bronze statue of St. Bernard, by M. Jouffroy: the work is noble and imposing, and has a good effect; the features are grave and impressive. It is intended for the town of Dijon.





THE BLOSSOMS.

ENGRAVED BY C. W. WASS, ENGRAVER TO H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE, FROM A DRAWING BY SIR W. C. ROSS, R.A. MINIATURE PAINTER TO THE QUEEN.

PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE ART UNION JOURNAL.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS AT MANCHESTER.

The following letter has appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" newspaper, and we print it entire:—

## "THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AND 'THE ART-UNION'."

"To the Editor of the Manchester Courier."

"SIR,—Will you allow me to point out to your readers, how far the judgment passed by the Editor of the above periodical (the *not-distant* oracle of the day in matters of Art) is to be relied upon? The gentleman in question did visit the present collection *once*, and devoted to it from seven to ten minutes; yet so profound in his own estimation is his knowledge, so great his experience and perception, that, upon the strength of such a scrutiny, he considers himself entitled to pass a sweeping censure in a few lines, which would be clear, were they as true as they are fitting; but men, quite as capable of deciding on the subject as the egotistical editor in question, have declared that his remarks are unfounded and presumptuous, and smacked very much of an interested motive, in crying up modern to the disparagement of ancient Art. If the admitted fact of some pictures being attributed to artists incorrectly, and the presence of a few copies, were a proof of the one hundred and fifty-five being 'not worth the price of the frames,' he would have some grounds for what he asserts; but, certainly, a man who takes such a view, and alludes in so gratuitously ill-natured a tone to an exhibition got up with so good an intention, does an injury to the cause he advocates, and acquires an unenviable notoriety, to the enjoyment of which I leave him.

"W. F."

Our reply may be short. We have an interested motive in "crying up modern to the disparagement of ancient Art"! Our interested motive is of a twofold nature: first, to induce the uninitiated and zealous lovers of painting to examine, analyse, and estimate truly our living artists, that so they may meet the encouragement they deserve; and, secondly, to protect these zealous and uninitiated lovers of Art from the frauds of pregonizing pedlars in picture ware. That we decry ancient Art is untrue; the pages of our Journal are never wanting to pay the highest homage of admiration to the great masters of antiquity; which the writer of the above letter must know, if he has ever read the accounts of the Private Galleries we are constantly describing. It is not the "good intention," which the writer so flippantly assumes, that justifies the deed; any more than it becomes kind hospitality to invite hungry persons to dine off the refuse of the shambles. The directors undertook the onerous task of informing the inhabitants of Manchester in what the higher qualities of Art consisted; their judgment was staked upon it; the public are misled, and so far the good intention becomes of evil consequence. The directors have their vanity wounded, their learning impeached, and the pecuniary value of their antique originals wasted into insignificance. It did not need a visit of even ten minutes (although our visit was, in reality, very considerably longer) to estimate the low quality of the works exhibited. We had no intention of writing a critical *resumé* of the pictures; and we spoke fairly in saying that, with the exception of perhaps ten, the others were "mistakes." It was even too lenient so to call them; but we have in Manchester many kind and generous patrons for whom our esteem and gratitude bespeak the gentle term. If we could obtain a catalogue marked with the names of the persons who have sold these pictures to the worthy men of Manchester, what a tale it would unfold in justification of our crusade against the craft of picture-dealing! We do, indeed, decry "Ancient Art," but only when its antiquity dates no further back, in Manchester, than Captain Thompson Martin, and from him down to Hart, of more recent notoriety. It would amuse us to learn where the Raffaele is now hung which Captain Thompson Martin had venerated on the back of an old door, he bought in Tothill-street, to give it a *cinquante-coude* physiognomy. This consecrated original was sold to a manufacturer for the value of a thousand pounds in furniture cottons, and soon after the arrival of the wagon-load of wares in London they were distributed to the pawnbrokers of the Metropolis. The said captain visited Manchester and Glasgow annually with a dozen or twenty originals, all superbly framed, and in locked cases (*enferme*, robbery boxes). What with the gentlemanly prefix to his name, a vast stock of assurance, luxuriant verbiage of artistic technicals, the society of a pretty lady (a niece it was said), very musical; also a handsome chariot with coachman and footman, and giving good dinners at the best hotel where he stayed, this man contrived to draw at least three or four thousand pounds' profit every year from the unfortunate confidence of many who are among the present proprietors of Ancient Art in Manchester and Glasgow. The captain was truly a hero—George Pennell never "came out" so strong; and Hart sinks into insignificance, although he drives in a gig with a small travelling warehouse behind the seat, being only the modest imitation of a wholesale manufacturer's metropolitan van. But it is too serious a matter to jest with; we should not have noticed the letter published in the "Manchester Guardian," but that we desire our remarks may stimulate a searching inquiry into the true value of the one hundred and fifty-five pictures by their possessors, and we thank W. F. for an occasion he has given us to renew the "sweeping censure."

## CLEANING OF PRINTS.

In answer to "Inquirer," in our last number, we have received several communications on cleaning prints from dirt or stains, and insert the following, which appear to merit most attention.

In "The Magazine of Science," vol. 1, page 393, is the following:—

"CLEANING ENGRAVINGS.—Put the engraving on a smooth board, cover it thinly with common salt finely pounded; pour or squeeze lemon-juice upon the salt, so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it; elevate one end of the board, so that it may form an angle of 45 or 50 degrees with the horizon. Pour on the engraving boiling water from a teakettle, until the salt and lemon-juice be all washed off; the engraving will then be perfectly clean, and free from stains. It must be dried on the board or some smooth surface gradually. If dried by the fire or the sun, it will be tinged with a yellow colour. Any one may satisfy himself of the perfect efficacy of this method, by trying it on an engraving of small value."

"To the Editor of the ART-UNION JOURNAL."

"SIR,—For the information of your correspondent, 'An Inquirer,' and of any other of your readers to whom they may be useful, I send you the following instructions for cleaning engravings, at least for removing the chief part of that discoloration they may have acquired by age and exposure, and constant use. Lay the print face downwards, in a vessel large enough to admit the whole lying quite flat; water, boiling hot, is then poured over it, sufficient to cover it to the depth of an inch or more; the print is allowed to soak in the water more or less time, according to circumstances. By degrees the dirtiness disengages itself from the surface into the water. The print is then taken out and passed through fresh clear water, and held or hung up, for the superfluous moisture to run from it; and when this has sufficiently taken place, it is laid between sheets of white French blotting-paper, and covered by a thick millboard, weights being laid on it, so as to have the effect of a moderate press; and it is thus left to dry. Where there is much soiling to be removed, and of old standing, it may be allowable to use, gently and carefully, a soft hair brush, whilst the print is saturated with the water, to assist in the disengagement of the impurities. Of course, throughout the operation, care must be taken in handling the print, lest it should tear, as plate paper is very soft when saturated with water.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"April 7."

"6, Warwick-court, Gray's Inn."

"SIR,—Agreeably to the wish of one of your correspondents, on the wrapper of the ART-UNION for April, I beg to hand you an 'infallible' recipe to restore old and soiled prints to their original colour. An engraving, however soiled by age, smoke, ink, &c. &c., may be speedily restored by simply immersing it in oxymuriatic acid, permitting it to remain a longer or a shorter time, according to the strength of the solution or the degree in which the paper of the engraving is stained."

"To avoid the trouble of obtaining the acid by distillation, it is an equally effectual method to add one ounce of black oxide of manganese, or the red oxide of lead, to three ounces of common muriatic acid diluted with water. At the end of two or three hours the acid will become colourless, and may be used after a little further dilution."

"A slight deposit of saline crystals will be found on the print after it is removed from the solution (in which, by-the-by, I think it should remain at least an hour), which may be discharged by repeated rinsings in pure water. It were as well to add that the bottle in which the mixture is made should be strong, or its stopper not made very fast, as the elastic vapour extracted on making the mixture may cause an explosion."

"I am, Sir, yours, obediently,  
"WM. JOHN STANNARD."

[We have printed the preceding communications in reply to "An Inquirer" in our last number. The subject is of some consequence to the Arts, and deserves inquiry. There are no professed cleaners of prints, although every print-seller has a method he relies on. It would therefore be gratifying, if any experiments were successfully made by our friends or subscribers, that we should be informed of them, as our pages are always open to such information as tends to preserve works of Art. We shall be glad to give insertion to such information for general use.]

## PICTURE CLEANING.

SIR,—As much has been said and written regarding the recent cleaning of the pictures in the National Gallery, I think you will be conferring a benefit upon the public by directing your attention, and that of your readers, to the art of cleaning and restoring old pictures. I use the term art, because I am certain that the proper management of paintings in oil, after their authors are deceased, is an art, and a very important one—almost as important as the production of the works themselves. It must be the natural desire of the painter, and of the possessor of the picture produced, to have the work well preserved, and judiciously restored, should time or accident occasion an injury. The works of the old masters have gone through many dangers, and good management has been essential to their preservation. The productions of the present time—the works of Ety, Landseer, Turner, Mulready, &c.—will eventually be old pictures. They will receive various kinds of good and bad varnish—they will acquire dirt, and may probably be injured in many ways. You will, therefore, admit, Sir, that judicious cleaning and restoring are absolutely necessary in the case of most old pictures. Allowing

this, the question that suggests itself is, who shall execute the task of cleaning and restoring, when such operations are required in order to rescue pictures from certain decay? This is a serious question, and ought to be more warily answered than is usually the case. Collectors of valuable works of Art too frequently intrust their acquisitions to the rough hands of mere pretenders in the laudable practice of restoration—to persons utterly ignorant of Art, and of every good and honourable feeling. Picture cleaning and restoring, so called, has become a great trade—a destructive trade, because pictures, injured by improper treatment, can never be really restored. The operations of the pretended picture-cleaner are, of course, only beneficial to himself. He is well paid for the havoc he commits. His employers are generally well-satisfied losers—unconscious sufferers by his labour.

The subject surely demands attention; and I conceive that the insertion of this letter in your well-known Journal may be productive of some good.

Your obedient servant,

G. W. N.

Edinburgh, April 13.

[We have great pleasure in printing the preceding letter for its very sound ideas on the subject referred to. It is, indeed, a question of importance, rendered more so by the limited information about it possessed by the owners of pictures, and the pretended mystery in which it is involved by the bulk of its practitioners; nevertheless, if due reflection be employed, it resolves itself into a very simple principle: that is, to ascertain the competency of the persons to whom the delicate operation is confided. In the first place, it is unquestionable that all operators who make a mystery at all of it are quacks or impostors, either ignorant of its true means, consequently unqualified, or desirous of imposing upon their employers by concealing the amount of time occupied, with a view of augmenting their charge. That they are abundantly numerous may be evinced from the vast number of low picture-dealers' and small frame-makers' shops whereupon a one-half-dirted picture is inscribed that—"Pictures are lined, cleaned, and restored here to their pristine beauty."

In Holland, whenever a picture requires attention it is universally confided to the best living artists, and they feel no degradation in perpetuating to posterity the *chef-d'œuvre* of their school. This judicious mode is the cause why we find in the present day the finest Dutch pictures in the purest state of conservation. The impulses of reason, therefore, point out that an artist alone can be well acquainted with all the details of touch, line, glazing, &c., which are the very essence of completion to excellence, and be capable of observing the least departure from them in the procedure of cleaning. The pictures in the National Gallery which were cleaned during the last autumnal recess were daily viewed in progress by Mr. Eastlake. Mr. Seguer performed the work; but this does not imply that he was merely a person competent to remove dirt or varnish; we can assure our readers that Mr. Seguer is practically well acquainted with painting in oil, and has at the present time some of his own early-painted pictures which, after thirty years of execution, are fresh, pure, and unchanged in their tints; proving that he is no stranger to the manipulatory part of artistic knowledge. Hence the successful elucidation of the late inquiry, which it is hoped will be a very useful and instructive lesson to those who wish their pictures to be as en disencumbered of obscurities—that they will inform themselves of the amount of ability the persons possess to whom they confide valuable works of Art. We agree with the writer that it is a profession deserving of more consideration than it usually enjoys, as it exacts the possession of artistic and chemical learning, and very considerable acquaintance with all the various schools of painting in the details of execution.]

## THE "MISSING PICTURES" BY DUBUFE.

SIR,—In reply to the questions put by several of your correspondents regarding the two pictures by Dubufe, 'The Temptation' and 'The Expulsion,' I have obtained from the person in charge of them the following explanation.

He said that owing to some uncertainty regarding the legality of disposing of pictures in general by lottery, the owner was waiting in the expectation of Parliament, this session, deciding the matter. If, during its present meeting, nothing was done to clear away the difficulty, immediate steps would be taken to return the subscriptions or, I think he said, give engravings. The two pictures are now exhibiting in this city.

I remain, Sir, yours respectfully,

Buccleuch-street, Glasgow.

G. S.

Mr. J. R. HERBERT has written to us to state the case, as it actually occurred, in reference to the published assertion that he had received from a wealthy commoner the sum of 1000 guineas for painting a portrait, and which assertion received a subsequent contradiction. According to Mr. Herbert, "When Mr. Challoner's picture was completed, that gentleman, with the liberality which so much distinguishes him, put into my hands a cheque or draught on his cashier, authorizing me to receive whatever sum I should demand, not exceeding £1000. Of this cheque it was Mr. Challoner's express wish that I should make a very liberal use. I immediately took the cheque to the cashier and asked for and received, without difficulty, 250 guineas."



## THE CRY FROM IRELAND.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE wail still comes over the waters, though it is neither so deep nor so loud as it was a month ago: there has been considerable influx of "bread-stuffs" into many of the ports; numbers have emigrated; half-starved, ill-clad, and physically depressed, they have gone to seek abroad allotments of land, which they hope by hard and long labour to render nearly as fruitful as the land they are leaving lying waste at home. Still greater numbers have fallen a prey to disease. Therefore, the cry is less loud than it has been; and before this day month other thousands will have sunk upon the earth—to which those who are left, either from enfeebled energy of mind, or lack of bodily strength, have not the power to consign them. It may be asked, what good, then, has been done by the large supplies the high-hearted charity of England has poured into the country? Much! But for it nearly the whole of the peasant population of this stricken country must have perished. And it has given "Heart"—which is Irish for "Hope"—to many, who, seeing beyond the present, have, in various instances, cheered by individual assistance, taken the women off the road-work, and are now able to remit the fruits of the industry they have so judiciously created, to England for sale. If this admirable system can be "worked out," I see more to brighten the future than can possibly arise from any Government "scheme" for permanently benefiting Ireland. Help the people to help themselves, and a moral regeneration is at once commenced. Several industrial schools are arising similar to one set on foot by the Rev. George R. Gildea, Rector of Newport, in the poverty-stricken county of Mayo; disapproving of gratuitous relief, as tending to perpetuate pauperism and instruct the alms-taker to fall back periodically upon the hard earnings and self-denial of others; and, anxious to induce the people around him to make some industrial effort to help themselves, last January this good clergyman offered the women—whom it was no difficult task to induce to leave the road-work—employment at flax-spinning, for which he proposed a plan, now adopted by many other benevolent and earnest persons like himself:—

"For any sum of money sent to him he engaged to return the amount, at cost price, in linens, such as are manufactured by the Russian peasantry—of pure flax, hand-spun, hand-wove, and grass-bleached, of the most durable kind, invaluable for all household purposes."

This plan has been so well supported that above six hundred persons are now employed in their own cottages at the occupation best suited to their habits and skill. Mr. Gildea conveys the happy intelligence, "That amongst those women a very decided industrial exertion is called forth, and that self-respect begins already to show itself as one of the results."

The worthy rector of Newport writes me that he cannot receive any fresh orders for some time, so well is this scheme supported; but there is a shadow coming, which there is happily still time to dispel:—

"Mr. Gildea is anxious to be enabled to offer to these people, as premiums, and to others at a very reduced price, flaxseed, in order still further to excite industry. The land is particularly suited to the cultivation of flax, which is more valuable than any white crop. Various causes have combined to render the people of this district indifferent as to whether they sow the land or not; and little or no spring work is yet done; in fact, up to this, not ten acres of two thousand, the average number in tillage of a district containing fifty-five thousand acres and thirteen thousand inhabitants, are yet touched. It is almost late for anything but flax. No local help can be had; and before one month four-fifths of the inhabitants will be on the relief lists."

Although Mr. Gildea cannot at the present moment receive any more orders, there are plenty of benevolent persons engaged in this reproductive system who can.

As I still receive, day by day, proofs that the readers of the ART-UNION Journal have not forgotten my voluntary stewardship, I will defer until next month a statement of what I have received—and how I have discharged my trust. I cannot express how deeply I have felt the kind expressions towards myself which have accompanied many of the donations, which I send off nearly as quickly as I receive them, in small or

somewhat large sums, according to what I conceive the best mode of applying the money committed to my charge. In no instance have I given any thing to "relief committees"; and yet the readers of the ART-UNION Journal have sent their aid three different times to Glandore, to Ballydehob, to Carlow, to Bannow, to Mayo, repeatedly to Cork, to a private case of intense suffering near Clonmel, to relieve which what I was able to send was sadly inefficient. Small charities are angel-winged; and, when I again record my thankfulness, I know I shall have still more to tell of liberality.

The Rosery, Old Brompton, April 24.

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords is now open, but the decorations are still very incomplete, although the general effect, even in this state, is most gorgeous. Our present notice is limited to a very brief description, as it is our purpose hereafter to describe the Houses of Parliament at some length, and to consider the present effect which has resulted from these works, and also the probable influences which they may exert in future. The whole of the drawings for the interior decorations were made by Mr. Pugin; and the whole of the wood-carvings were, in the first instance, worked out for finishing by the machinery of Messrs. Jordan and Co.—the power and execution of which we have so frequently eulogized. The House is lighted by six windows—six each side of the east and west walls—and between those windows are niches for the bronze statues of barons who were instrumental in procuring Magna Charta. In accordance with the character of the interior, these windows will be fitted with painted glass; there is, however, only one that is yet finished. As a trial of effect, two gilt plaster statues—those of Archbishop Langton and Fitzwalter—have been set up in their places, and the execution of the series in bronze is intended as soon as they can be conveniently effected. The ceiling is divided into eighteen principal compartments by massive beams, and each of these is subdivided into minor compartments, containing a centre surrounded by panels. These beams and mouldings are a rich gold colour, but the general hue of the ceiling is blue, with appropriate blazonry and enrichments. The spaces set apart for fresco are, of course, not yet filled, with the exception of that over the throne, which we announced was in progress by Mr. Dyce, and which is now finished with admirable effect. The subject is 'The Baptism of Ethelbert, the first Christian King of England.' The whole of the fittings are of Baltic oak, the panelling being ornamented with carving of a character extremely rich. This panelling covers the walls both above and below the gallery. The railing of the gallery is of brass of appropriate design exquisitely worked out; and the carving below the gallery is surmounted by a frieze inscribed "Fear God; honour the Queen." The gallery is beautifully supported by a composition of tracery rising as a cove from the panelling; the compartments of this portion of the works bear the arms of the successive sovereigns and chancellors from the period of the institution of the House of Lords as a separate House in the reign of Edward III. The throne is placed at the south extremity of the House; on the dais, which rises three steps, there is a principal canopy over the chair of the Queen; another, rising above that of the Prince Consort; the third being for the Prince of Wales; and the backs of these canopies bear the respective coats of arms. The principal chair is carved and gilt, and otherwise highly ornamented with enamels, the back and arms being covered with velvet bearing the royal arms. The two other chairs are similar in design, but smaller. The floor of the House is covered with a rich blue carpet broken with gold; and the whole is artificially lighted by thirty-two branches rising from the sides of the niches, and four magnificent candelabra—two near the throne, each fitted for twenty-five lights; and two at the opposite extremity, each bearing thirteen lights. There are numerous other details all contributive to general effect, which must yet be in some degree a matter of speculation, as the windows are not yet filled with the coloured glass; it cannot, however, be doubted for a moment that this interior will be the most magnificent in its style that has ever been seen in England.

JULES SOHN'S PLASTIC COMPOSITION.  
BY W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

IN the January number of the ART-UNION there appeared a passing notice of the new plastic material devised by Mr. Jules Sohn, and which he has applied with the most perfect success to producing exact copies of statues, reliefs, wood-carvings, and vases, at a moderate price. It is his intention to visit London in the course of the summer, and to invite public attention to his specimens of an Art which promises to prove as important to the sculptor as engraving to the painter, or printing to the author. The notice given of his invention in the ART-UNION has induced many of the English visitors of Paris to inspect his collection, and they have all with one accord urged him to come to England, where his art can find abundant opportunities for exercise, and where his services in the diffusion of artistic taste, by supplying artistic objects at a cheap rate, are sure to be appreciated. It is impossible to view the modern sculptures of France, and even of Italy, without being tempted to exclaim with the patriotic Syrian, "Are not Pharphar and Abama, the rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?" Our modern school of English sculpture is now second to none in the civilized world; but means are wanting to make its merits known to the people of England: the processes of statuary-copying hitherto used in this country are not adequate to the artistic wants of the nation. Cheverton's copies and reductions in ivory and alabaster are exquisitely beautiful and faithful; Copeland's statuary porcelain very nearly approaches alabaster in beauty of material, and has attained high perfection in accuracy of reproduction; but Cheverton's works can only be the luxuries of the rich, and Copeland's statuary porcelain will not bear the rough handling to which articles are exposed when used for purposes of instruction. Sohn's process will interfere with neither of these inventions: there is a perfect accuracy in Cheverton's mechanical copies which will bear the scrutiny of the microscope, and the rich materials on which his art is exercised must ever ensure the approbation and the patronage of the virtuoso; Copeland's statuary porcelain must, for similar reasons, hold its present supremacy in the decorations of the drawing-room and the boudoir; but Sohn comes to supply the wants of the library, the study, and the school; his composition imitates perfectly the colours and polish of marble, the hues of old wood-carvings, and even the tints which age gives to stone. Neither dust nor moisture injure it; and a clean napkin is always sufficient to remove any stain, any dimness, or any dulness which may have gathered on its polish. The tenacity of the calcareous earth of which it is composed gives the objects such solidity as to render them sufficiently solid to be easy of transport, and they are, should it be desired, susceptible of a process which gives them the hardness and durability of stone.

Now that drawing and design are beginning to occupy their proper places in the elementary education of the manufacturing classes, it is of immense advantage to have means afforded for the multiplication of cheap and accurate copies of works of Art. A new incentive is offered to sculptors; hitherto, what may, by a permissible abuse of terms, be called their visual audience has been limited. Their works, when once exhibited, have disappeared from the eyes of their countrymen, or are only known by plaster-casts, which, however faithful and accurate, are obviously defective and harsh, from the complete opacity of the material. Of modern foreign sculptors, most Englishmen know nothing but the names; a privileged few may have seen some specimens of the works of Thorwaldsen, of Rauch, of Rietschel, of Schwanthaler, and of others whose celebrity is similarly European; but the great and increasing body of men attached to the cultivation of artistic taste in this country have no means of knowing whether fame has done more or less than justice to their deserts.

M. Sohn has issued a prospectus for the establishment of a Museum of Universal Sculpture in Paris; there is no reason why a similar Institution should not be established in London; and we suggest to the proprietors of the Polytechnic or the Colosseum, the advantage that might be derived from combining the project of this enterprising German gentleman with either of these Institutions.



THE ASSEMBLAGE AT THE MANSION  
OF SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THERE are few more unequivocal signs of the advancing and improving spirit of the age than the efforts that have been, of late, made by men of elevated rank in this country to recognise MIND as a distinction—claiming consideration and entitled to respect. In England, talent has been too long denied the status it has found elsewhere. The men of Science, Art, and Letters owe much to the Marquis of Northampton, who, as President of the Royal Society, has brought together, in social intercourse, the loftiest in position and persons in comparatively humble stations, whose high—but whose only—claims have been the exertion of intellect for the advantage of mankind.

We record with exceeding pleasure that Sir Robert Peel, on Saturday, the 24th of April, received, at his mansion in Whitehall Gardens, a large party to whom he had issued invitations. That party consisted of noble men and noble ladies, artists, men of letters, and others who have been instrumental to forwarding the interests of Art: for the occasion which called so many remarkable persons together was the rearrangement of his famous Gallery of Dutch Masters in the apartments which have been decorated with especial regard to its due effect.

There is, perhaps, no gentleman of any rank in the kingdom who can so largely influence the position of the intellectual "order"—an order to which, it is needless to say, Sir Robert Peel emphatically belongs; and an order which he never forgot while holding a position higher and prouder than that of any subject in Europe.

In the assemblage of the 24th of April, although the majority of visitors were men who received the invitation as a compliment, and felt that they were elevated by its being conferred upon them, they met many of the highest nobility of the realm, including the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Northampton, Lord Ashburton, Lord Mahon, and others, whose names (writing at a late period of the month with no list at our command) we cannot call to mind. There were many ladies, too, among the guests—and they also were mingled, with that good taste which suggested the procedure—ladies of rank, and ladies whose rank is of their own creation.

Of the Artists present we might print a long list: we may omit some; but we noticed Messrs. Eastlake, Macleise, Turner, Baily, Uwins, Pickersgill, Wyon, Hart, Leslie, Knight, Lee, David Roberts, Stanfield, Etty, Sir Wm. Ross, Macdowell, Chalon, Witherington, Landseer, Howard, Jones, A. Cooper, Sidney Cooper, Ward, Frost, Horsley, Hart, Severn, Parris, Foley, Bell, Prout, Cristall, Fisk, Harlstone, &c. &c. Among the more prominent men of letters were Sir Henry Ellis, Messrs. Hawkins, Rogers, Hallam, and Charles Dickens, &c. &c.

The mansion has been entirely redecorated with the aim of rendering it a perfect example of the progress which interior ornament has made among us. After passing the outer hall, which is quite plain in character, the grand staircase and minor hall offer the first fruits of the labour and skill which have been for some past months here actively engaged. The walls are panelled and adorned with medallions painted in *grisaille*, enriched with cornices and friezes chiefly of Pompeian character. The dining-room on the ground floor is panelled with grained oak, relieved by borders of ornamental raised work in darker wood, and gracefully carried into divisions by slightly-gilt lines and ornaments. Over the sideboard is placed Wilkie's 'John Knox preaching'; and at the opposite end of the room, are six pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Passing up the grand staircase, the railing of which is richly gilt, the superb series of drawing-rooms are entered. The ground colour of these apartments is of a pale sea-green, with delicate gold ornaments. The whole of the new decorations are of the most chaste and unobtrusive character, and give full effect to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Dutch and Flemish Art which form the celebrated cabinet collected by the great Statesman. We described this Gallery at length last year, and in the order in which they were then placed. A new arrangement has been made, much to the advantage of viewing them, by placing several in the first drawing-room. The 'Danish Rubens' is hung in the centre

of the Gallery, where stood the 'Chapeau de Paille' which has been removed to the opposite side. The fine landscape by D. Koning, which was recently acquired, is placed on the same side, as companion to the marvellous 'Avenue,' by Hobbema. The choice gems by A. Van der Velde, C. du Jardin, and the Wouwermans painted for Elizabeth of Spain, are hung over one of the fire-places, and over the other stand the inimitable 'Alchemist' of A. Ostade, and other choice gems. On the south wall of the first drawing-room are two whole-length portraits—of her Majesty, with the Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness Prince Albert—both painted by Winterhalter, and recently presented by her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel. The effect of all the pictures is materially improved by changing the deep crimson of the walls to the sober greenish hue adopted. The colours employed in the embellishment have been admirably considered to give value to the works of Art which are justly the pride of the distinguished possessor, and the great attraction of the decorated mansion. We must not omit to mention that the entire superintendence of the restoration and ornamental design was confided to Sidney Smirke, Esq.

It is a task peculiarly gratifying to register this assemblage of rank and talent within the mansion of Sir Robert Peel—a mansion in which, it is safe to say, more remarkable men of the present century have been, from time to time, received, than in any other house in Europe.

We can do but very inadequate justice to the theme: for the event (it may be so termed with much propriety) occurred on the eve of our consigning our Journal to the printer; but we may be permitted to express the exceeding gratification we ourselves enjoyed—a gratification felt, no doubt, as keenly by every one of the visitors brought together on the occasion.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

PRINTS AND DRAWINGS entered for home use in the United Kingdom in the year 1846:—

	No.	No.
Single .. .. .	360,391	
Single, published in the dominions of Saxony or Prussia..	28,239	
		388,630
Bound or sewn .. .. .	243,402	
Ditto, published in the dominions of Saxony or Prussia..	426	
		243,828
Total .. .. .		632,458

NATIONAL GALLERY.—A slight re-arrangement of the pictures has taken place, but it is merely a change of position of some which are now better seen. On the 3rd of March, 1846, at a meeting of the Trustees, a note was read from the Executors of her late Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda, forwarding the copy of a codicil to her will, in which she bequeathed a picture by Salvatore Rosa, to be placed in the National Gallery. The offer was accepted, perhaps from respect to the high rank of the testator; but on examination it was found to be of so inferior a quality that it has never been hung, and remains in an apartment beneath. On the same day, a picture, by Francis Wouters, of 'Nymphs and Satyrs,' was offered as a gift by Mr. M. Forster. The Trustees, having viewed it, agreed that it should be received. That it has not yet been hung in the Gallery is said to have arisen from an opinion subsequently formed that its exposure would offend the delicacy of many visitors. The newly-purchased Raffaele will not adorn the collection until a suitable case, with plate glass, is ready to enclose it—such as those which protect the Correggios and some other valuable works.

THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The anniversary dinner was held on the 27th of March; the Honourable Thomas Baring in the chair. The attendance was not large: by no means so large as it ought to have been. In consequence of our absence in Paris, we are compelled to borrow a brief report of the meeting from our contemporary 'The Literary Gazette':—"The most curious event and speech of the evening were the toast of the Royal Academy, and the thanks returned for it by Mr. E. Reinagle, the senior member present; though Mr. D. Roberts, Mr. Webster, Mr. Uwins, and other members stood up at the same time. Mr. Reinagle

read his colleagues, present and absent, a tolerably sharp lecture; complained of the exclusion of great engravers from the honours of the body, and other matters which he declared stood much in need of REFORM. After expatiating at some length on these points, he told them that, if they did not adopt some measures of the kind to which he referred, the change must speedily come from without, which would be worse for the Academy. The surprise at a reply like this, so different from the usual compliments to the Institution, was a very amusing feature of the meeting."

THE UNKNOWN PROCESS OF COPYING PRINTS.—It will be recollected that some time ago we gave some account—accompanied by a copy of the 'Christ' of Delaroche—of a singular process by which engravings were copied, "touch for touch," without injuring the original print from which the copy was made. The engraving we published was on steel; that steel we submitted to several engravers, who could find in it nothing by which to guide them to the nature of the process, nor, indeed, anything to distinguish it from a plate engraved in the ordinary manner of line. Yet this copy was made in less than a fortnight: the original having occupied the engraver at least a year. We have, from time to time, endeavoured to watch the progress of this process: we have now before us two large plates—copies of Wilkie's 'Rent Day' and 'Cut Finger'—both are wonderful for accuracy; although certainly wanting the brilliancy of the original prints. There has just been submitted to us, also, the copy, with the original print (the actual print from which the copy was made—a proof in its virgin purity), of a Madonna, engraved by Anderlossi, after Sano Ferrato, published in Italy; we are thus enabled to compare the two; and, beyond question, the resemblance is singularly striking: in nothing does the one differ from the other, except in the appearance it has of being ill printed; it has the "muzzy" look which frequently arises from careless printing; the lights consequently do not come out by any means so brilliantly as in the original; but, with this exception, there is no proof that they are not both from the same plate—other than the certainty that the original plate is in Italy, and the copied plate in London.

MR. W. CARPENTER—the Keeper of Prints in the British Museum—has been elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts in Amsterdam. The compliment could not have been better bestowed upon any gentleman not a professional artist.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The number of visits by artists and students to the sculpture galleries "for the purpose of study" was 4124 last year, 4266 in 1845, 5436 in 1844; 4907 in 1843, 5627 in 1842, 5655 in 1841, and 6354 in 1840. The number of visits to the printroom was 4390 in 1846, 5004 in 1845, 8998 in 1844, 8162 in 1843, 8781 in 1842, 7744 in 1841, and 6717 in 1840. The public are admitted to the Museum on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between ten and four o'clock. Students are admitted to the reading-rooms every day from nine till four; and in summer, from nine till seven.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUBHOUSE COMPETITION.—By the time that our journal appears, the Club will have made their election of a design for their new mansion, and adjudged the two premiums. Unless some of the designs were incontestably superior to the generality of them, there must, we think, have been some perplexity of choice, no fewer than sixty-nine sets of drawings having been sent in; let us hope, however, that their decision will be justified by the positive excellence of the one chosen, which ought now to manifest some advance upon the previously-erected structures of the same class. Still, the mode of election adopted is, although a convenient one enough in some respects, highly objectionable upon the whole. Without intending any disrespect towards the gentlemen of the Club, we venture to say that the majority of them are anything but *au fait* in matters of architecture, unless they are greatly ahead of the rest of the public in their acquaintance with architectural aesthetics. Consequently, to give each member a vote by ballot—a secret and perfectly irresponsible vote—is, to say the least, a very questionable procedure, if only because it entirely does away with the exercise of judgment, and with responsibility, where there ought to be both the one and the other. Surely it would have been infinitely better had the Club delegated the decision to a special committee of



some half-dozen gentlemen selected from the general body as being the most competent judges, they pledging themselves to take, together with the delegated, the delegated responsibility also, and to vindicate their choice both to the members of the Club and to the competing architects, by assigning distinct and, so far, satisfactory reasons for it. A general ballot is, on the contrary, a rather preposterous method of settling what is, and ought therefore to be treated as, a question of critical judgment and taste. It is by far too much like taking a leap in the dark; and all that is to be said in its favour is that, whatever blunder or mischief be committed, no one is answerable for it. Admirable consolation, truly! if the whole Club be discredited by an unlucky majority in favour of an inferior design. So far is numerical preponderance from being a satisfactory voucher for validity of judgment in matters of Art, that it is especially unsafe; wherefore it would generally be far more advisable to disregard the mere *vox populi*—the self-willedness of those who merely know what they themselves like, or rather like without knowing at all why. It would be safer, we say, to set the many aside altogether, and to trust to the verdict of the intelligent few. Next month we shall be able to inform our readers of the result of a competition that must, we imagine, have exercised a good deal of talent and ability hitherto unknown to the public.

**THE LAST SUPPER OF LEONARDO DA VINCI** has been recently engraved by Mr. Archibald Dick, an engraver of the United States—and in a manner so admirable as to merit comparison with the famous work of Raffaele Morghen—a work exceedingly scarce, and to be obtained only at large cost. Mr. Dick's engraving (a copy of which we have seen at Mr. Hogarth's) is of rare merit: it is carried to the highest degree of refinement, yet without the smallest sacrifice of force. There are thousands in this country, as well as in America, to whom it will be a valuable acquisition: for it is in all respects worthy of admission to portfolios the most select. We refer to it, however, chiefly as affording proof of the progress of Art in the United States: an artist who could produce so exquisite an engraving should be known—and soon must be—to the world.

**ROYAL ADELAIDE INSTITUTE.**—This is the name under which it is proposed to open an Exhibition of works of Art at the Adelaide Gallery; and the time determined for the opening is the 17th instant. This proposal has been advertised in the newspapers and by means of circulars, and in the former case works especially solicited are those which have been rejected either from want of merit in themselves, or want of room in the Royal Academy. We cannot suppose that artists of any standing in the profession will expose themselves to the imputation that their works are not worthy of exhibition at the Academy; on the part of that body the rejection of works has been considered an affair of confidence; nor can we understand how an artist of any reputation could reconcile it to his feelings to see his picture among the mass of those which have been declined as unworthy of exhibition. The day for the opening of this gallery is determined, but the principle of the project deprives it of every pretension to attraction.

**THE MANCHESTER ACADEMY OF ARTS** have, with a view to recruit the funds for the proper maintenance of the Institution—the purchase of models, &c.—resolved on a course which does them high honour. Each member has painted a picture; the pictures collectively are to be exhibited at convenient rooms in the City; and subsequently to be sold, either privately or by public auction, and the proceeds to be devoted to advancing the interests of the Academy, and securing it upon a sound and permanent basis. The Manchester Academy consists of the following members:—C. A. Duval (President) J. Bostock, G. Bury, H. Calvert, W. E. Keeling, M. P. Calvert, C. Ward, G. W. Anthony, W. Percy, S. Rothwell, J. Stephenson, C. Agar, S. Mayson, E. Royle, F. Chester, H. H. Haddfield, G. Withington, G. Wallis, A. Tate, G. Jackson, G. Heyes, H. R. Smith, T. Robson. There is, perhaps, no Provincial Society that numbers so many excellent Artists—in the several departments of Art. Their wise liberality upon this occasion is worthy of all praise; they have thus set an example that we hope to see followed wherever the means of a body of Artists are inadequate to their

wants. If this principle were adopted generally, there would be no need for public appeals. Funds might thus be obtained to almost any amount. Let us take the case of the Institute of the Fine Arts: if all the members would act upon this plan—an exhibition might be formed, and pictures disposed of, that might render the Institution all-powerful for good. We believe the Artists of Manchester—while their conduct must excite universal respect—will, by this means, render their school worthy of the wealthiest provincial city of the kingdom.

**THE HANGERS AT THE EXHIBITION** this year are Messrs. Uwins, Webster, and Herbert. We formerly gave the name of Mr. Eastlake as one of the three; and it was his turn to take the onerous post; it has, however, been transferred to Mr. Uwins.

**MR. CLAUDET**, whose name is so honourably associated with the Photographic Art, has recently opened an establishment at the Colosseum—a locality in all respects advantageous, infinitely more so than the crowded thoroughfares where even the light comes impregnated with vapour and smoke, and other impurities which very frequently baffle the skill of the Photographic operator—evils which he will not have to contend against, for the atmosphere is at this height clear and pure. His rooms are fitted up with much elegance, and the comforts and convenience of those who visit them have been studied with care and taste. To the many improvements Mr. Claudet has of late introduced we have made frequent reference; they are of such a nature as to render certain a process hitherto, at times, hazardous: nearly all the obstacles in its way have been removed by his skill, continued study, and long experience.

**ALDERMAN MOON** has been exhibiting during the past week, at Buckingham Palace (by gracious permission of her Majesty), Winterhalter's large picture—portraits of the Royal Family—which the Alderman designs to engrave. We have not yet had an opportunity of examining it, and must postpone our review of the work until next month.

**MR. NORTON, OF BIRMINGHAM**, has published a medal executed in that town, which may be justly pronounced an achievement far beyond any work hitherto issued from the great manufactory of England. We cannot at this moment say who is the artist; but it does him high honour; it is a step greatly in advance, and will go far to prove that what is really good as well as cheap may be looked for from the mighty workshop. It exhibits the Saviour—"Salvator Mundi"—in high relief; the features are sharp; the hair is remarkably distinct, and the draperies are well displayed; the hand is especially excellent: it is a copy from the most famous of many famous pictures. On the reverse the artist has introduced the "Christus Consolator" of Ary Scheffer; and, although the group here presented consists of many figures, each is exhibited as distinctly and as emphatically as in the published print. The medal is indeed worthy an artist of established fame; and its production will contribute to better the reputation of Birmingham.

**THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT VERNON, ESQ., 50, PALL-MALL.**—It is the intention of this excellent gentleman again to open his noble collection of works of modern Art during the months of May and June; but, as the pictures are contained in the mansion in which he resides, scattered through the chambers he inhabits, and in no "gallery" especially devoted to them, Mr. Vernon expects that those who apply for the privilege to see them will be persons of rank and position—who desire to enjoy the treat afforded not as mere sight-seers, but as true lovers of Art, by whom Art can be appreciated. Many artists from the Provinces will visit London in May: to applications from all such, replies will be immediately transmitted. It is needless for us to add that the Metropolis contains no source of enjoyment equal to this. In the house of Mr. Vernon are gathered the finest and best examples of all the best English masters: Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Collins, Hilton, Webster, Hart, Calcott, Turner, Lance, Ward, Landseer, Stanfield, Roberts, and a host of other eminent artists. We are especially anxious that FOREIGNERS should visit this collection; here they may form a just estimate of British Art, and learn to respect it. Foreigners may not be aware of the form by which admission is to be obtained; in all such cases we shall gladly assist in enabling them to obtain their object.

**THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—The annual meeting for the allotment of prizes took place on Tuesday, the 27th of April, at Drury-lane Theatre—too late in the month to enable us to make any report of the proceedings.

**THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS** was opened on the 26th of April—too late in the month for us to make any report of its contents.

**BUSTS AND STATUETTES IN CAST IRON.**—When reviewing, some months ago, the admirable Foundry at Coalbrookdale, we referred to some of the plans in embryo for producing new works in cast iron. These plans are beginning to ripen; two examples have been submitted to us by the London agents of the company, Messrs. Deane, of King William-street, which exhibit conclusive proof that iron may safely enter into competition with bronze; for the more refined material has rarely effected more smoothness or greater softness than the material usually considered coarse. We have here a bust of the Duke of Wellington and a statuette of another great man—Richard Cobden. The former has been based on the approved likenesses—busts, paintings, and prints—of which there are many hundreds; it is remarkably like his Grace as he was some twenty years ago, and as posterity will most desire to remember him. In execution, the work is remarkably effective; it is a fine specimen of Art, and not the less valuable because the "Iron Duke" is actually commemorated in iron. There can be no reason why a statue of him, life-size, should not be fabricated in the same material. The statuette of Mr. Cobden—a man who has seen thousands of enemies converted into friends, and who has already "lived down evil report"—is full length; it is a singularly good likeness; the features, although in miniature, are expressive of thoughtful energy—his great characteristic; the somewhat peculiar figure, too, is rendered with remarkable truth. Beyond question, this is the best portrait of the man that has yet been produced by any art.

**ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS.**—We learn from the "Athenaeum," that "by a recent regulation of the Council of the Royal Academy, the time for the study of the antique figure in the schools of that establishment will be extended from two to three hours in the evening—commencing at five instead of six o'clock. This is a change of great value to the students—the consequence of their own sense of its importance, and of a memorial to that effect from them to the Council."

**ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.**—The annual dinner has taken place. The report stated that during the past year thirty-eight widows had received gratuities of £20 each, and twenty-three orphans gratuities of £5 each. The Committee had to regret that the ordinary expenditure of the past year has exceeded the ordinary income by £244. 15s. 7d.; and to announce, in consequence, that, with due regard to the interests of future claimants and the permanent security of the fund, they feel themselves under the necessity of limiting the gratuities to widows for the present year to £14.

**THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS FOR SCOTLAND.**—The prize of £100 offered for the best series of designs in outline illustrative of interesting events in the history of Scotland has been awarded to Mr. H. C. Selous for a series of "Seven Events in the Life of Robert Bruce." The other competitors were numerous; and an extra prize of £60 was given to Mr. John Millais, a youth of seventeen, in consequence of the excellence of his illustrations, "he having," as stated by a correspondent of the "Athenaeum," "lost the first prize by one vote only." Mr. Selous is fortunate in his competitions. We lament that he did not compete for the prize of £1000 for the picture of "The Baptism of Christ in the Jordan." He could not have failed of success here also.

**THE LOUVRE.**—The Salon this year is generally considered inferior: the great painters are, nearly all, absentees; and, with one exception, no new mind has declared itself: the collection supplies ample material for praise, and much for censure; there are many good works and a host of bad ones; but, as we design in our next number to enter into a description more detailed, we shall not at present forestall the observations we have to offer. Our report will be illustrated by several wood-engravings, copied from the leading pictures—engravings we have borrowed from the "Illustration Journal Universel" of M. Dubochet.



**SCULPTURE.**—There are now exhibiting at Messrs. Graves and Co.'s, Pall-mall, three figures in marble—'Eve,' by Rinaldi, a Roman sculptor; 'Portia,' by Lough; and a 'Neapolitan Fisher-boy,' by Hira n Powers, the American sculptor, who, two years ago, it will be remembered, exhibited at the same place his 'Slave.' The figure of Eve is somewhat large, for it is generally felt that a female figure, unless the object be to represent masculine virtues, ought not in any wise to be exaggerated. The time is the moment after having eaten a portion of the apple, which lies at her feet; the serpent is twined round the trunk of the tree on the right side of the figure. She is, of course, presented entirely nude, the long hair turned in front and falling low. The back of the figure is very beautiful; but, as a whole, it is somewhat heavy, and especially in the limbs. It is evident that the 'Niobe' has been the prototype of the work. Rinaldi was a pupil of Canova; but it may be understood, from what we have said, that he does not at all follow in this statue the style of his master. 'The Fisher-boy,' by Powers, is a small statue, very beautiful in conception and execution. The sculptor has escaped from the commonplace by a treatment highly poetical. The boy is intently listening to the well-known murmur of a shell, which he holds to his ear; the idea is not new, but it is here very gracefully made out. The figure has all the ease but not the roundness of the 'Apollino'—being as yet too youthful for the anatomical developments which appear upon the person. It would have been impossible to have divined the subject of Mr. Lough's statue. On the head is placed a turban, and the resemblance here is otherwise very striking to the 'Sibyl' of Domenichino. The remainder of the figure is treated with drapery of the classic-sacred character, and she bears the organ of St. Cecilia. The conclusion must be that the statue was not originally intended to represent Portia; and the selection of the title is extremely unhappy.

**THE PICTURE OF 'THE EARTH STOPPER'**—almost the sole legacy left by the late Mr. John Simpson to his daughter—upon which we offered some remarks in our last number, has been raffled for at Messrs. Colnaghi's. It was won by Mr. Farrer, the eminent dealer, who very generously presented it to Miss Simpson: she will thus have been assisted and yet preserve a valued memento of her father's talents.

**THE DIORAMA.**—This attractive exhibition has opened with two new pictures—'The Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' and 'Tivoli, near Rome.' The interior is seen under two effects: the first, that of daylight, exhibits to the spectator a most perfect representation—so true in the rich colours which marble acquires from age, and so faithful in accurate delineation of the effects of the wear and tear of so many centuries, that to see the picture at the Diorama is actually to see this beautiful Byzantine structure itself. The daylight passes away, and the church is gradually lighted up, until the magnificent chandelier, which is designed in the form of a cross, becomes a blaze of light, and the place, from being entirely empty, becomes thronged with devotees. This effect is managed with the admirable skill peculiar to this exhibition. Tivoli is presented under the effect of morning, before and after daylight. The view is taken from the Temple of Vesta, whence the eye compasses the most interesting points of the view, as the waters of the Teverone, their descent and fall, &c.: the whole affording a most perfect idea of this famous resort.

**FREE EXHIBITION, EGYPTIAN HALL.**—This is another of the projects arising from that principle of exclusiveness which gives to the divisions of our school of Art more of the character of our peculiarly national institution called "club," than of an association of men bonded into union by a common devotion to the beautiful which distinguishes their labours of love from the mere mechanism of ordinary vocations. Desirous as we may be of an exhibition as free as those on the Continent, we had rather have seen this project brought forward under auspices less objectionable. Some men of talent we know have declared themselves in favour of the scheme, and are active in promoting it; but it might seem invidious to speak of these by name before the collection of works is fairly before the public. It is enough to say that each of these regards himself as a martyr—consequently the Egyptian Hall becomes, in the veriest literal meaning of the word, the *boudoir* of the

martyrs of the profession. But, under all circumstances, the experiment, even under its unfavourable aspect, is not without interest. As the admission is gratuitous, there will be visitors enow; but the great question is. Will the pictures sell? This remains to be seen; and it is in this way that the public will pronounce upon the scheme. The expenses are paid by the artists themselves, each of whom pays at a fixed ratio for the space he occupies.

**THE ROYAL COMMISSION.**—Artists will refer to an advertisement issued by the Commission, for their guidance relative to the approaching Exhibition—in July.

### THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

WE direct attention to an advertisement in our Journal concerning the approaching Bazaar for the benefit of this most admirable Institution. The Orphan Working School is one of the oldest charities for orphans in the United Kingdom. It was founded in 1758, at Hoxton, for 20 poor boys only. In 1760, 20 girls were added. In 1773 the numbers were 50 boys and girls, when the building in the City-road was erected to accommodate 35 of each sex. At the present time it holds 85 boys and 54 girls; 25 more will be elected into the school on the 28th of April, and 25 more in November, and, it is hoped, 50 each year, until the building is full.

The children have a plain, useful, and suitable education. The boys are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, singing, geography, grammar, &c. After school is over, as a reward for good conduct, each is allowed to take his turn—at the bench, as carpenters; at the lathe, as turners; at the press, as bookbinders; and the younger ones may be seen spending their time in manufacturing tiny coaches; railway carriages; omnibuses, with all the latest improvements, except that they go without horses, and the locomotives without steam: these enter the muffs, occasionally, of the lady visitors, who take a fancy to them, and pay their silver for the materials to procure new ones. The girls are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, singing, needlework; while the elder girls take their turns in the house—training as servants. The whole are grounded in a good scriptural education; and, as the Governors of the charity are of all religious denominations, they are kept especially free from the spirit which provokes rivalry in religious matters.

The children are received from all parts of the country, without respect to religious parentage. It is only required, first, that they have lost one or both parents, or that they are *parentless* by reason of lunacy or long-continued sickness; secondly, that they are between seven and eleven years of age; and, thirdly, that they have neither been paupers nor felons. Every contributor of one guinea annually, or of ten guineas by one payment, has the right to nominate one case at each election. The children remain until fourteen years of age, or longer, at the discretion of the General Committee. They are then placed out as servants or apprentices—the friends, of course, always being consulted as to their destination. If they serve faithfully for one year they receive 5s. as a reward for well-doing; the second year, 5s.; the third year, 7s. 6d.; and so on for seven years—the last year being 21s. Nearly forty were rewarded in 1847. About twenty who have gone through the schools are now Governors of the charity: one of them, a *soldier*, gave a donation last year of £60 towards the fund for the erection of the new building. The new building is now almost ready for the reception of the children; it is expected to open in June, before which the sale is to be held on the premises—the object being to liquidate or prevent a debt upon the building. A sum of £7000 is still required. The ladies are everywhere exerting themselves to accomplish the object; nearly two hundred have agreed to act as "stall-keepers."

To advance so high and holy a purpose, we trust to some activity on the part of British manufacturers. No doubt the ladies will contribute plenty of "ladies' work"; but the Bazaar might be rendered more interesting, and the object essentially advanced, by contributions from the manufacturing towns of articles that might not only assist the charity, but show the great improvements that have taken place in British manufactures.

### REVIEWS.

**THE DEATH OF THE STAG.** Painted by R. ANSBELL; engraved by H. T. RYALL. Publishers, GAMBART, JUNIN, and Co.

This is beyond question, of its class, one of the most remarkable engravings of modern times; it is of enormous size, and in a style of Art which the accomplished engraver, if he did not discover, has brought to an excellence unapproached by any other hand: we mean that mixture of mezzotint, line and dot, by which admirable effect is produced, and which certainly approximates very closely to the original of the painter. This style, when executed by a mediocre artist, is miserably poor; but—as we here find it—powerful and beautiful, when the production of a skilful, judicious, and experienced master.

The print under notice may take high rank among the class to which it more immediately belongs; that class, however, cannot be easily defined: for, while it is addressed to lovers of field-sports, it has much of the dignity of history—not alone for its high merit as a work of Art, but as developing strong passion, although of the "lower world," and as treating the subject with consummate knowledge and power. Our sympathy is excited, not perhaps exactly as the sportsman would have it, for it goes with the noble animal whom the stalwart hounds have brought upon his haunches, and with whom they have the death grapple. The scene is Highland—of that there can be no mistake; the last struggle for life and freedom takes place in a small glen at the foot of a craggy and "cloud-capt" mountain; a broken pine branch has fallen athwart the pool among the rocks; "a stag of ten," at length exhausted, yields to his foes—in this solitude where human footstep has never trodden upon holier errand than his "death." The picture is a pure, accurate, and singularly vigorous work: in character and expression, as well as in truth and accuracy of details, it is second to no modern production of its order; and it cannot fail very considerably to elevate the professional rank of the able President of the Liverpool Academy. The engraver has done ample justice to the painter: there are parts of the work that are unequalled in its style, while the whole is in perfect harmony.

**THE IRISH PIPER.** Painted by J. HAVERTY; in lithography by J. S. TEMPLETON. Published by the Royal Irish Art-Union.

We have here a work of very great interest and considerable merit; it is executed in lithography; but the execution is so good as to place it in value far beyond the costly line engraving not long ago issued by the Society. The name of Mr. Haverly is new to us; we hope it will not be with him as it was with Mr. Burton, who was made famous by an engraver's skill, and who is consequently the hero of one picture: with the burin of Mr. Ryall his strength began and ended. Mr. Haverly has pictured a blind piper giving his music to the heedless rocks; his little girl—a genuine "Norah," though in mournful mood—is sitting at his side by the embers of a turf fire. There is little in the subject; but it is full of natural truth and simple pathos, essentially and purely Irish. We hope to see other productions from the same hand; it is greatly to the credit of the Committee of the Irish Art-Union that they have multiplied so satisfactory an example of Art, fostered into excellence under their patronage. The lithography is a fine specimen; few better have been produced in England; it is something that the lithographer is an Irishman as well as the painter.

**THE PROPOSED RAILWAY STREET THROUGH WESTMINSTER:** from the Plans of W. B. MONTAGU, Architect. J. WILLIAMS and Co.

Aladdin's lamp could not have created a scene more beautiful; and yet there is nothing to prevent our beholding it even in the heart of the Metropolis. The street is merely a "proposed" street; the architect, or artist, shows what may be done, and, no doubt, can be done, in this age of improvement. The print has no key, but the old Abbey points out the locality; and the engine is passing on between rows of beautiful and magnificent palaces. The design is worthy of the wonder-working age in which we live; and, if we hope to see it realized, our hope is, perhaps, stronger than that of the architect. At all events the print is striking and very interesting.



**THE SEASONS: SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER.** Painted by J. F. HERRING; engraved by J. HARRIS. HENRY GRAVES and Co. We have here four coloured prints of horses, copied, and that with marvellous accuracy, from paintings by Mr. Herring—an artist who within the past three or four years has "worked" his way to a position of high eminence as a painter of animals. We have here not alone the naked portraiture of the horse: each season is illustrated by its peculiar fruitage: spring exhibits the young foals; autumn, the rich corn-field; and summer and winter, the chase and the sheltered shed. The subjects are so treated as to gratify even those who know nothing of the "points" of a horse: for, while they picture the noble and beautiful animal with remarkable accuracy, the groupings, arrangements, and minor accessories are so skilfully introduced as to possess interest apart from the fidelity of portraiture. As coloured copies they are admirable, probably unrivalled; indeed, it would be very difficult to distinguish them from drawings. And thus is attained an object of no slight importance; works of this class are not designed for refined lovers of Art: they are addressed chiefly to those who do not covet, or cannot appreciate, productions of the higher order; but by accustoming them to excellence they will be led to distinguish and reject mediocrity; and so a huge step in advance will be gained. To issue prints such as these—"coloured prints" though they be—is a task by no means unworthy a leading publisher of the age and country.

**PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.** Painted by T. C. THOMPSON, R.H.A.; engraved by W. O. GILLER. Publisher, the Engraver.

This is a fine engraving of a good picture. It was painted in 1833—before the poet had fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf"; in his best time; long after his youth had passed, but when years had given to his fine brow and gentle, though eloquent, features the expression fittest to preserve the memory of such a man. It recalls him to us now with singular force: the painter aimed at truth rather than fancy: he has not thought it necessary to picture the poet in "fine frenzy"—a mood, indeed, in which Campbell rarely indulged, if it be indulgence; but represents him as a plain gentleman, sitting and thinking, or, it may be, listening to the distant fall of waters that give music to a Highland glen. The portrait was Campbell's own favourite of the many painted of him—not excepting even that by Lawrence; this opinion he has strongly expressed in a letter to his biographer, Williams, dated May 24, 1833. The engraver has performed his portion of the work with judgment and great ability: it is such as to sustain his already high reputation. This print will be an acquisition of no ordinary value to the many admirers of the poet—whose works will be as enduring as the language in which they are written.

**PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM MACKENZIE, ESQ.** Painted by T. H. ILLIDGE; engraved by G. R. WARD. Private plate.

We have here the portrait of one of the most remarkable men of the age and country—one who has achieved many triumphs over difficulties, made science practically useful to the most humble, and given a character to the epoch. Mr. Mackenzie is better known in France than he is in England: for in France the railways he has created are more exclusively his own;—here, he is one of many great men—there he stands almost alone: for it is admitted on all hands that, but for English enterprise, industry, and capital, French railways would either not have existed at all, or have been lamentably inferior. He has done grand things himself, and taught others how to do them; and among the "immortalities" of the nineteenth century his name must not be forgotten. According to Mr. Illidge (and we may have confidence in the portraiture of so good an artist and so excellent a painter of portraits), Mr. Mackenzie is a portly personage, who looks as if he could enjoy life; his broad forehead indicates the intellect that must have guided him to fortune; and his features express exceeding amiability as well as strong energy. The portrait is one of considerable merit, and it has been admirably engraved by Mr. Ward.

**PLAITING RUSHES.** Painted by GEORGE HARVEY; engraved by R. C. BELL. Published for the Members of the Art-Union of Scotland, 1846.

We notice this publication, less because of its interest as a picture (although that is by no means small), than for its merit as an engraving; and we are the more anxious to do so, because, at the same time that we received this good issue of a Society little known in England, other works by the same hand were submitted to us. They are engraved with very considerable skill, in a style forcible and effective; reminding us rather of the better days of the art than of our own age of "finish"—where the artist is too frequently lost in the mechanic. The engravings of Mr. Bell are sufficiently refined; but their great recommendation is mainly strength. The painter is seen in the copy of his work; his manner is preserved with a degree of accuracy unhappily rare, now-a-days. He has a bold and free hand; yet in his productions there is ample evidence of care and thought: no point has been slighted. Every, even the minutest, portion exhibits industry as well as talent. It is positively refreshing to meet works that have a character so vigorous, without being, in the remotest degree, coarse; and if this gentleman—who appears to have executed several plates for the Society—be yet young, we anticipate from him, ere long, high professional rank.

**VIEWS IN ROME.** Drawn and engraved by DOMENICO AMICI. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

These are four subjects of large size, being 'The Colosseum,' 'St. Peter's,' 'The Pantheon,' and 'The Forum'—each forming one principal object occupying the entire plate, which measures 22 inches by 19. The view of St. Peter's is that usually taken—as extending over the Piazza, and comprehending the Vatican. That of the Colosseum is an exterior view from that point where the wrought stone-work is still perfect, and the more dilapidated portions extend on the right: as a representation of the Colosseum in its existing state, nothing can be more perfect. In the plate of the Forum there is necessarily a greater variety of objective: the beautiful remains contrast strongly with the stiff forms of modern dwellings. The progressive mouldering of the arch is most accurately described; this is a very interesting plate. The Pantheon, like the Colosseum, nearly fills the plate: the view shows the front with the fountain and adjacent buildings. These prints are excellent specimens of modern Italian engraving, and none that we have ever seen delineate the subjects more accurately.

**GILBERT'S PEOPLE'S ATLAS.** London: JAMES GILBERT.

This series of Maps has reached its tenth part, and justifies the favourable notice we gave on its first appearance. It will form, when completed, a very useful work of reference and information, as it contains a considerable quantity of topographical and geographical observation.

**THE COMPOSITIONS ON THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SILVER SHIELD.** Designed by PETER VON CORNELIUS. Engraved by HOFFMAN and SCHUBERT. Published by DIETRICH REIMER, Berlin; and HERRING and REMINGTON, London.

This shield, it will be remembered, was executed by command of the King of Prussia, as a present for his godson, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is called "The Buckler of Faith," as the subjects are illustrative of the life of Our Saviour. The centre of the shield is occupied by a head of Christ, approaching, in its style and intensity, the famous head by Leonardo da Vinci. The centre division of the work is separated by a cross into four compartments, in which are represented the Sacramental fountains of Grace, Baptism, and the Lord's Supper. At the extremities of the Cross are the Evangelists; and on the extreme points of the arabesques, above the Evangelists, are the Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. This division is encircled by the Twelve Apostles, beyond which are a series of exterior compositions, the subjects of which are the Atonement, the Entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem, the Betrayal by Judas, the Crucifixion, &c. &c. Many of these compositions are exquisite in feeling. In the Entry into Jerusalem the Saviour is presented as riding upon the ass, which is led by Disciples. At the gate is seated a female

figure, personifying Jerusalem, bearing the decalogue. This admirable composition is full of profound matter allusive to the history of our Religion, and the whole of the figures are in every way worthy of the famous artist by whom they have been designed. Another alludes to the baptism of the Prince of Wales; and here appears our gracious Queen, with many sacred impersonations, assisting at the ceremony. The arrival of the King of Prussia is also celebrated; and the Duke of Wellington is also impersonated; behind him appears his shield, inscribed "Waterloo." The whole of these compositions are engraved in outline in a manner to make us feel that all the spirit and expression of the original are fully preserved; and, in a word, it is every way equal to the greatest and best works of Cornelius.

**INSECT CHANGES: AN ILLUMINATED PRESENT FOR YOUTH.** GRANT and GRIFFITHS.

This little volume, with its misal-like illuminations, is one of the richest gifts ever offered—even in this improving age—to childhood. It is also modestly called "The Child's First Book of Entomology." It may serve as a "First Book" for children of a growth much larger than the title intimates, and cannot fail to create an interest in the insect world—a world which germinates in every flower, and whose geographical boundaries can be traced on the petals of the most delicate lily as well as on the homely leaf of the common cabbage. Nothing can be more perfect in illumination than the embellishments of this charming little book; the hungry caterpillar, and its after-state of existence, and the ethereal butterfly, dwell together on the gorgeously-painted page. The letterpress is clearly enough rendered, to make it intelligible and interesting to even very young children, who are blessed with parents and governesses to read either with them or to them, the next best book to their BIBLE—the book of Nature.

**THE WONDER-SEEKER.** By Mr. FRASER TYTLER. GRANT and GRIFFITHS.

Messrs. Grant and Griffiths are worthy successors of the "John Harris, of St. Paul's-churchyard," whose books were the sunbeams of our childish days. This little volume is presented to us in its "second edition"—we only wonder it has not arrived at a fifth or sixth; it is precisely the book that town boys would like, because it tells them of the country; and country boys cherish, because it teaches them how to enjoy in the country what, perhaps, they never enjoyed before. The character of the little hero is drawn with a master-hand—simple, effective, and natural; the incidents, as well as the anecdotes, are skilfully introduced; not "crammed" in, but giving travelling time. The agency of the good clergyman, the silent groom, and even the Arab horse, and "Mie" the pony, are all well managed—in short, we have read it ourselves from the first page to the last; and intend bestowing it upon a dear little relative, who cannot fail to derive as much pleasure as knowledge from its pages. There is nothing more delightful to cultivate in the young than an acquaintance with natural history; a knowledge of the qualities and character of the animals of the lower world humanises, while it enlarges, the mind; and, while we attain more self-respect with increasing information, we learn also to esteem the instinct implanted by Almighty wisdom in the organization of insects inferior even to the fostering and judicious earwig—which it requires all our philosophy to prevent our regarding with any other feeling than disgust.

**SHARPE'S CORN-PONDING MAPS.** London: CHAPMAN and HALL.

This is the commencement of a series of modern maps, designed with a view to facilitate geographic study, and for the purpose of affording a better means of general reference than maps hitherto would admit of. The main feature of this series is, that the plates are engraved upon a uniform scale, so as to admit a direct comparison with each other in their respective linear and superficial dimensions; an arrangement which must be of immense advantage to the student and others. They are beautifully executed on steel, are of sufficient size to allow of the names of every locality to be introduced clearly and intelligibly, and are published at an unexampled low cost—indeed, so cheap as to be within the reach of all who desire to possess a good Atlas.